

NEXT WEEK -- THE HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY.

THE

THE WAR CRY

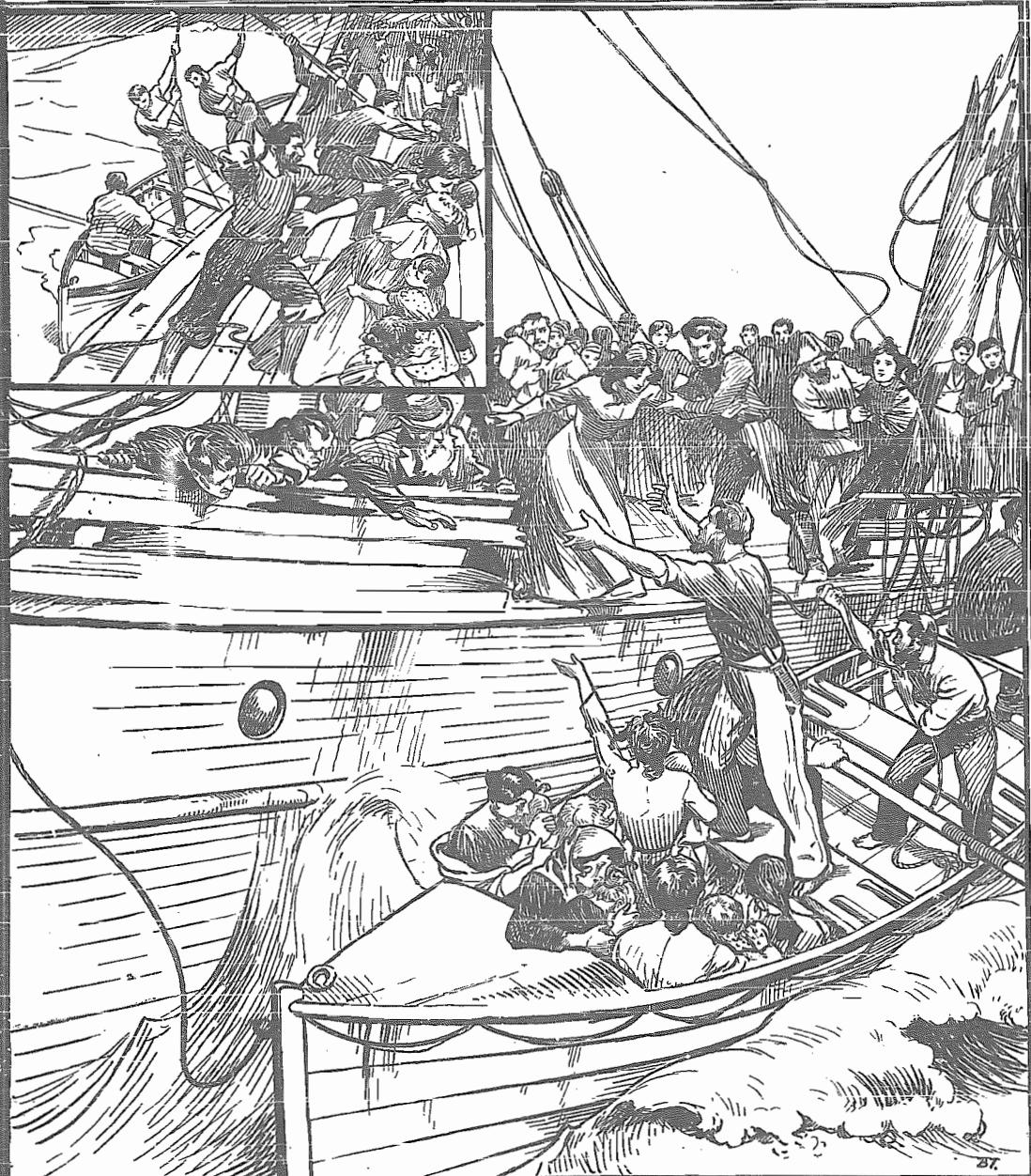
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

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COURAGE v. COWARDICE.

(See page 2.)

COURAGE v. COWARDICE.

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL

(To our frontispiece.)

Great calamities invariably prove the means of revealing that which is best and worst in human nature. Some of the most remarkable pictures in the world are those that portray the triumph of flesh and blood over its own dictates, and the almost divine quality of the individual manifested in its seeming contempt for its own safety and finding its supreme satisfaction in contributing to the safety of others—especially if they be weaker, as women and children.

Perhaps no people as a nation have treasured up in the imperishable archives of a grateful memory such a list of heroic deeds as the British. What country can boast such deeds, and such a category of them, as those that adorn the naval, military, and merchant marine service of England? We have it on good authority that the Emperor of Germany had a reproduction of the renowned picture "The Wreck of the Birkenhead," posted in each barracks in his great domain, as an expression of the triumph of courage, discipline, and duty in the face of death itself. The story may be worth repeating. The troopship "Birkenhead" was wrecked half a century ago off the coast of Africa. A number of the men had their wives and children with them. When the vessel struck, and the dreadful impending issue was but too quickly learned, the drums beat to quarters. The men, led by their officers, were mustered in inspection order, and while the boats were lowered, and the women and children—a few of whom were the sole survivors of that dreadful tragedy—were rescued, the ship quickly settled, and those brave fellows looked death in the face—not a man moved from his place—and went down as a solid phalanx as if meeting a visible rather than an invisible foe. We could cite many such cases were it required, but this will serve our purpose.

A recent sea disaster has served to bring out the opposite quality, though we would not apply the accusation to the nation represented by the Captain of the unfortunate vessel. One of the daily papers comments upon the incident as follows:

The official enquiry made by the naval authorities into the wreck of the *Sirio* seriously incrimpates the captain and crew of the steamer of saving themseves first, abandoning the vessel and causing a panic. The inquiry is expected to lead to severe action on the part of the authorities against those who were responsible for the disaster.

The Austrian Consul at Rio de Janeiro jumped into the sea, wearing a life belt. He then noticed a woman and child near him on the point of going down. He gave up his belt to them and tried to swim ashore. He was almost exhausted when rescued by a fishing vessel.

The story of the *Sirio* disaster shows human nature at its best and worst, as usual, in these terrible calamities of the sea. There were scenes of cruelty and cowardice that disgrace manhood, and there were acts of heroism worthy of any poet's pen. Unfortunately the captain lost his presence of mind, if he was not actually guilty of cowardice, and to this must be attributed much of the unworthy aspect of the wild struggle for life that ensued.

The Italian emigrants, with knives in their hands, and without regard for women or children, fought

with the greatest brutality for the possession of lifeboats and life buoys. Many were killed or wounded, including several members of the crew who were attacked by emigrants.

A fleet of trawlers providentially happened to be only about one hundred yards away when the *Sirio* struck. Notwithstanding the great danger, the skippers of these boats came at once to the rescue, thereby jeopardizing the safety of their own vessels. The survivors of the *Sirio* unite in praising the conduct of the captains of the trawlers Joven Miguel and Vincenta Lican. The former steamed close to the side of the sinking ship and took off three hundred persons. The crew of the trawler endeavored to sheer off, fearing that their boat would be sunk, whereupon the captain drew his revolver, leveled it at his men and shouted: "As long as it is possible to take off another passenger we will not move."

Reports continue to arrive here of the terrible scenes attending the wreck of Saturday evening, off Hormigas Island, not far from Cape Palos, of the Italian steamer *Sirio*, resulting in the loss of over 300 lives. The drowning of the Bishop of Sao Paolo, Brazil, is now attributed to the action of an Argentine passenger, who forcibly took from the Bishop a life belt with which the latter had provided himself.

While the Captain and crew of the ill-fated ship are chargeable to about the most dreadful accusation that can confront an individual, it is only just to say that it was a countryman of his that commanded the fishing vessel which rescued several who were struggling in the sea. He did it at his own peril, and some of his crew were beginning to get the vessel away, when he drew his revolver, threatening to shoot the first man that shirked his duty.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to demonstrate the lesson to those who enjoy great privileges, and therefore assume great responsibilities, for one measures with the other. Whose responsibilities can be greater than those to whom Christ has entrusted the care, and very largely the eternal destiny, of precious souls? Officers, and even soldiers, of the Army, among others, are thus responsible for the souls that come within the influence of their lives. There will be times and circumstances in which the hero will have to manifest itself if you are going to do your duty. It may be in some secret act of self-denial or self-abnegation by which the test may come, and the result will demonstrate whether the quality of true courage has its place in your character, or whether selfishness has robbed you of this quality, and the fruits of cowardice—manifesting itself in indifference, dodging that which you know you should do, shirking your duty, getting huffed and leaving Jesus and your officers and comrades to make up your loss, and other characteristics that may be mentioned—are apparent in your life. I repeat the test will come to every true soldier of the cross, and the outcome will be declared not only by your conduct on earth, but by the reward of that great day, and by—oh, think of it!—the testimony of the precious souls who were influenced—for good or for bad—through your conduct. Shall their testimony declare YOU a hero?

The Father's Hand.

"The earth is full of Thy riches."

Yes, Father, I love to see Thy hand

In all that Thou hast made,
Where summer glories deck the land,
In sunshine or in shade.

I see it in the forest leaf,
In the grassy blade or flower,
In the heavenward towering hill,
In spreading plain or bower.

I see it in the sparkling dew
That hails the early light;
In river and expanding lake,
That fill th' enraptured sight.

I see it in the bird that cleaves
The air with rapid wing,
Or makes it by its trilling song
With melody to ring.

I see it in the tiniest thing
Of insect life that moves,
Whose perfect form, divinely framed,
Infinite wisdom proves.

Yes, Father, nature doth proclaim
That like Thee there is none;
That all its wonders speak of Thee,
The Omnipresent One.

Pearls.

Our fears are often greater than our foes.
A little pride can cause a great deal of pain.
The face of God takes away the fear of man.
Get into debt, and you will get into trouble.
Respect for the law is the safeguard for liberty.
It will not hurt you to be called a fool unless you are one.

Anger is not converted because you call it "indignation."

You will have little power until you have learnt patience.

Prove Your Armor.

My brother and sister reader, are you saved and sanctified and kept from sin by the unfailing power of God? If you have this happy experience, are you on the battle-field to the help of the Lord against the mighty? The enemy is on every hand, and there are many who call themselves soldiers of Christ, but they are often found wanting. They have not been equipped with the proper armor.

When David volunteered to fight the Philistine warrior, who was a giant in the eyes of his fellow, we read that Saul armed David with his armor. He put a helmet of brass on his head, a coat of mail on his body, and girded his sword on David's side. When he essayed to go to meet the monster, he found he could not, for he had not proved the armor. David put them off him, for he knew better than to trust his life and the victory that was to be won that day in the armor that wicked Saul would have put on him. But David had an arm that they knew not of, praise the Lord! for David's armor—which is ours also. Instead of having on our heads a helmet of brass, as did Saul, we must have a helmet of salvation and a breast-plate of righteousness, and be girded around about with the truth, and have the shield of faith, and our feet shod with peace, and the Word of God in hand as a two-edged sword. Then we shall be able to slay this monster—sin. The battle is the Lord's, and we are sure to win. Let us follow the blood-stained banner, for our Captain leads on before.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross,

Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer long
From victory unto victory, His armies He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed."

—John A. Gaby.

Prison Notes.

By Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

In company with Mrs. Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Fraser, I had the pleasure of conducting the Sunday's services at the Central Prison and Mercier. At the former place there were about three hundred prisoners present, and apparently they drank in every word that was sung or said, and manifested a keen interest in the service. A number signified their intention to serve God.

The service at the Mercier was especially powerful, and out of forty women present, fully twenty-five declared in favor of Christ.

At a certain Reformatory in Canada, where there are fourteen boys incarcerated, twelve of them are professing Christ. They now desire to be enrolled as Salvation Army soldiers. The officer in charge is seeing the Governor, and it is very likely we shall have a Salvation Army junior corps in the Reformatory itself.

Staff-Capt. Hay conducted an excellent service in the Toronto Jail on Tuesday last. The officials and there are most considerate towards the prisoners, and have long since discovered the good work that is being done right in the jail itself. The prisoners enjoy the services, and all join heartily in the singing.

Adj't. Sims has been deputed to meet the discharged convicts from the Kingston Penitentiary, and already a number have been helped by the Adjutant.

Adj't. Collier reports good meetings in the New Westminster Penitentiary. Services are held there regularly. The Adjutant anticipates opening up Police Court work out there similar to what we have in Toronto, St. John, Halifax, Regina, and Moose Jaw.

A new Penitentiary has been opened in Edmonton, Alberta, and the Inspectors of Prisons have been good enough to give me the same privileges there as at other penitentiaries, namely, of visiting the institution and interviewing the prisoners. A monthly Discharge Sheet will also be sent us, giving the names of those who will be discharged for the coming month.

We shall be glad if all those who are responsible for jail meetings throughout the Dominion will send in their reports promptly. This is very important.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CZAR.

A Prospective Field for the Army.

With a population of one hundred and thirty million souls, and territory comprising one-sixth of the world's surface, tear-bathed, blood-drenched Russia stands forth from among the nations an object of commanding interest. Our hearts have ached for her in her tribulations, and now, having been tried as by fire, as she emerges from the terrible days of war, revolt, and anarchy, we pray that she may be given strength to work out her own salvation.

A new—and we trust a happier—era is dawning. The electric thrill of liberty has passed from heart to heart. The day of freedom is at hand, and an irresistible impulse has been given to truth and righteousness.

"May God bless me, in confederation with the Council of the Empire and the Duma, in the work before us; and may this day prove the reinvigoration of Russia's moral outlook, and the reincarnation of her lost powers.

"Go to the work to which I have summoned you, and justify worthily the trust of your Czar and your country. God help me and you."

So spoke Nicholas II. to his first Parliament. To these sentiments every Salvationist adds a fervent "Amen!"

At present the Army is not at work in Russia proper, though for many years it has carried on its

Soul-Converting Operations

on the frontier. Already our readers are familiar with the gratifying advances made in Finland. We ardently long for the day to come when the tricolor of salvation shall wave in hundreds of the cities, towns, and villages, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, and when over the trackless steppes, through the mighty forests, upon the inland seas, across the great mountains, beyond the dreary wastes, as well as where fertile grain belts stretch, shall be heard the glad song of thanksgiving from the lips of an emancipated people.

The Salvation Army finds its charter in the words of Jesus Christ: "The poor has the Gospel preached to them." It is, therefore, not surprising that in the hearts of many of our officers the spirit of compassion burns when they think of the Russian peasants, who constitute no less than eighty per cent. of this great nation.

Sorry though their plight is from certain standpoints, their condition is not without its strong redeeming features. It was a great day for Ivan the Moujik when the Act of Emancipation came into force. By this measure fifty millions of peasants were set free from the shackles of serfdom. Not only so, but they were provided with 350,000,000 acres of land for their support. They took over the villages in which they lived, each family being provided with an average of thirty-three acres.

The land is still being paid for by instalments, extending over a period of years. It is to these tillers of the ground, multitudes of whom are struggling hard for a bare subsistence in a vitiated soil, that the Army would come.

With the Message of Hope.

Their condition is often deplorable. In winter all is desolate and unbeautiful. Then comes the burning sun to unlock the ice-gates and set the floods galloping towards the sea, carrying with them a residuum of the precious soil. It is with a very rude outfit that Ivan now commences his flight for bread. There is no iron for his plough, his hatchet, and his harness; so the work he puts into the

ground is bad, as he well knows at harvest time. The scarcity of horses, too, means bad farming. Horses cost money, and Ivan lives on the verge of bankruptcy, so in many cases he dispenses with them. When the lean years come, with famine and its attendant horrors, he stands in need of a brotherly hand-grip, and more.

The nobles, the merchants, and the burghers have souls to save, and where possible, efforts would be made to win those of them who are unconverted; but the object of our pioneer missionaries would doubtless be to bring the peasants to Christ.

It must not be by any means supposed that Ivan is a semi-barbarian. Far from it. He is, moreover, very religious. Religion forms a not unimportant part of his day-to-day existence. Though your educated Russian may sometimes

Treat Religion with Cold' Politeness, or even contempt, this can never be said of your



Siberian Women in their "Sarafans."

Russian peasant. In his one-roomed hut is the sacred corner for his highly-prized Ikon. Here, too, is a dim, green night-light burning before it.

Watch Ivan the Moujik as he goes to make his confession, not in the privacy of the box, mark you, but in the open church. There he stands, with bared and bowed head and hands clasped, while from between his fingers hangs his peasant's cap. Though he is the picture of contrition, he is by no means "under the thumb" of the priest. Draw near and listen.

"Have you stolen anything, got drunk, beaten your wife unduly, or told a lie?" enquires the priest.

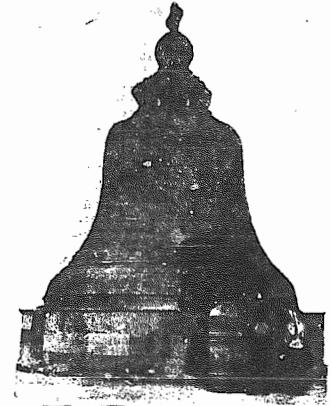
Between the locks of hair that tumble over his brow one can see his twinkling eyes. Presently he raises his head slowly, and cautiously replies:

"Batochka, I am a sinner!"

"Quite true, my son," answers the priest, with a smile playing about the corners of his bearded mouth. No further censure, if such it can be called, falls from the lips of his spiritual adviser, so, while Ivan kisses the Testament extended to him, the priest lays the end of his stole upon his head, and pronounces the absolution.

The Russian peasant is said to hold the European record for dirt. This is a gross lie. Whether he believes that cleanliness is next to godliness is as open to question concerning him as is many of the poorest of Great Britain or other countries. His confession of faith may be summed up thus: "I believe in God, in the Czar, the demi-gods of my native land, in charms, charity and steam baths."

The weekend bath is part of his religion. It is a festival. The pilgrimage to the izba, which every village possesses is made. Here, once a week, the goddess of cleanliness reigns. It is an entertaining sight to see a crowd of heavily-bearded moujiks



The Great Bell of Moscow.

pulling and steaming together after the immersion. Though the peasant's cabin, clothes, and countenance may be in need of cleansing, his body is clean.

Much could be said concerning the elaborate system by which Russia is governed. From the Governor-General we must skip down to the peasant official who is paid a nominal sum by the community, and wears a metal badge of pewter or bronze, according to rank. Usually he bears his responsibilities lightly.

Here is proof of this. A Russian gentleman, while driving along a road in a remote district, observed a peasant moving along with difficulty. On getting nearer to him, he found that the man was in irons. Shortly afterwards, on reaching a roadside kabak, he found the village policeman drinking a bottle of vodka.

"Where is your prisoner?" enquired the gentleman. "Are you not afraid he will give you the slip?"

"What!" was the answer: "Stefanovitch give us the slip! Why, he is a neighbor of ours, and we have got to take him to the lock-up, poor fellow. He would never play us such a trick as that. Only, he got along so slowly that we were obliged to leave him behind!"

In Russia, as elsewhere,

Drunk Has Claimed Multitudes of Victims, and it would be the duty of our officers to wage relentless war against it. Eleven years ago in some Governments a State monopoly of spirits was introduced. Later it became much more wide-spread. The kabak is now tabooed. Ivan is expected to purchase his sealed bottle of vodka at the State public-house, and consume its contents in his hut, under the dim, green light of his Ikon-lamp.

The idea is an improvement upon the old order of things, under which the peasant was allowed to drink himself into insensibility, and was then rolled into the open air. Yet it is not perfect in practice. Ivan, finding that he cannot drink in the public-house, buys his bottle of vodka and knocks its seal off on the lintel of the establishment, and drinks his fill in the street. Good and earnest people are doing their best to fight this evil. In almost every province and district temperance committees are at work, and many efforts, such as providing the people with decent recreations and the like, are being put forth to wean them from this curse.

What Many Observe.

It does not take a person with much brains or religion to find fault with others, but it takes a person of grace and ability to show by example how it should be done.

The man who continually uses the plural we, such as: we're cold, we're dry, we're not right, etc., seldom gets anything better than what he talks about; but when the we is changed to I, and he cries out: "I am conscious, brethren, that I am not right, and am going to get right," he soon gets something to appreciate.

The man that got blessed in the last meeting is anxious to get blessed in the next; but those who have received no special blessing from God for six months, slip through the service without thinking of looking for a blessing.

WORK ON.

Work on, work on for Jesus,
Ye toilers in His field;
Not in vain ye labor,
The seed must harvest yield.
Though now ye go forth weeping,
Ye shall return again,
And come with gladness bearing
Your harvests of golden grain.

Work hopefully for Jesus.
Remember as ye toil
That e'en in stony places,
Are spots of fruitful soil.
Work constantly for Jesus.
Think of His work for you;
Put such a loving Master,
How small the merit we do.

Go seek the toads that perish
That ran the road of sin.
Go tell the Gospel story,
Go seek some soul to win.
Go, not in self-dependence,
But strong in Christ thy Lord.
His strength can know no failing,
And sure is His reward.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Weekly Motto: "On, give thanks unto the Lord."
Prayer Topic: "Pray for the success of the Harvest Festival effort."

Sunday, Sept. 24.—Baptized by Fire.—Acts xxi. 17-34.
Monday, Sept. 24.—Paul's Testimony.—Acts xxi. 31-40; xxi. 5-15.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.—A Roman Citizen's Rights.—
Acts xxi. 17-30; xxi. 5-6.

Wednesday, Sept. 26.—The Conspiracy.—Acts xxi. 10-24.

Thursday, Sept. 27.—The Governor.—Acts xxi. 25-35; xxi. 1-10.

Friday, Sept. 28.—Convicted.—Acts xxi. 21-37; xxi. 1-11.

Saturday, Sept. 29.—The Prisoner.—Acts xxi. 10-27.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnson, Praying League
Secretary.

It is a Place of Service.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God
and serve Him day and night in His temple."

The idea that the redeemed of heaven will spend an endless eternity encircled on a rainbow singing Psalms with palms in their hands has almost passed into antiquity. As we know not the condition of the supernal world, we can form no idea of its employments and pastimes; but it would seem from our text that there will be some form of service, that the good Father would not confine the active brains to inertia. A writer upon the subject has said:

"Are we likely to know much of it? What does a child at play know of the employments of the man? Such portions of them as are merely external and material he may take in and represent in his sport; but the work and the anxiety of the student at his book, or the man of business at his desk, these are of necessity entirely hidden from the child. And so it is onward through the advancing stages of life. On each of them it may be said, 'We know not with what we must serve the Lord until we come thither!'"

I know there are many who are weary with the care and responsibilities of this life, whose brain and hand and body long for rest—complete, absolute rest. Like the poor mother we heard of whose little ones were discussing heaven and deciding, with childish faith and simplicity, what they would like to do there.

"Mamma, what would you like to do when you go to Heaven?" they asked.

"Oh, my children, if I may, I shall ask the Lord Jesus to let me lie down for a thousand years to rest!"

Poor, tired mother! It was very natural, and to many the idea of rest is the all-absorbing thought of future happiness. Well, perhaps it will be so—but we shall not carry those earth-worn bodies with us when we go home. We understand not the mystery. But we shall all be changed "in a moment," and while the blessed dead shall "rest from their labors" there shall be a glad new service to perform for the King.

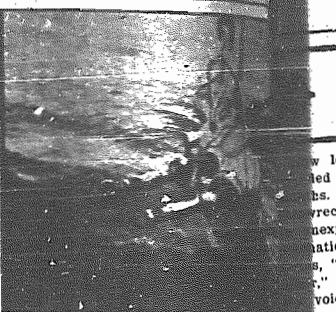
Anyway, we may be safe in believing that the activities of heaven will be the spontaneous outburst of the gladness within us. It may just be that the cherished, unfinished human plan of loving endeavor may have some opportunity of perfecting itself in an incense of effort poured out at His feet.

It is a Place of Song.

"And they sing, as it were, a new song." How few have sounded the depths or scaled the heights compassed by music. If the compositions of a Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel have power to stir the human soul so that men forget all else in their rapture, what effect will the music of the angelic host have upon the citizens of the City of Song. "They sing a new song," David said. "He hath put a new song in my mouth." The song of heaven we do not know, but it will be a song born of our new environments, as David's song was of the new conditions of his soul.

What an august company of musicians form that choir—David, the sweet singer; Montgomery, Isaac Watts, Mrs. Sigourney, Charles Wesley, P. P. Bliss, and a host of other Gospel singers. There will be no discordant notes to destroy its purest melody, no truant to mar its sweetest cadence; it will be a song of praise, adoration, and thanksgiving unto Him who hath loved us.

Oh, the influence of music upon earth. It has touched hearts inaccessible to any other influence. It has soothed the suffering child to sleep and stilled the passion in the angry breast. Music—blessed, divinely-inspired song—as it has been lifted in the street or the meadow, on the mountain or by the seashore, has arrested the attention of the godless and indifferent, and created thoughts of God and goodness. We shall all want to hear the music of the choristers of the sky chanting their anthems and hallelujahs. Many of earth have been deprived of the blessing of speech and the faculty of hearing, but there all will be enthralled by the music as oceans of glory bear it from shore to shore. Heavener's deafness will be healed, and he will hear



A Diving Dress with Arms.—A Quiet Invention.

This diving dress is the invention of Restucci, of the Italian Navy. It is fitted with arms, a hand, and a body and scissored. It has also an electric lamp and a siren, which comes up after an hour's work, at 150 feet.

New Ontario Division Notes

Major Rawling Tours the Old Lindsay District, accompanied by the Cashier.

We left Orillia on Saturday afternoon to Monday and spent the weekend there. It was at this over twenty-two years ago the Major was born. His rehearsal of early day incidents was intensely interesting. Old friends were glad to see him. Their welcome was warm, and their interest in the Major and Major W. Peacock to me was just as warm. The meetings were good, one dear soul volunteered at night for sale. Capt. Brans and his assistant, Capt. Miles, loved by the people of Orillia. Monday night we journeyed to Fenelon Falls, a very interesting meeting was conducted in the great hall and a special service was presented and gave the Major a warm reception. We accompanied to the Falls by Asst. Capt. McLean and Capt. Dauberville, who were stationed at Fenelon Falls a year or so ago. They, too, were welcome proper S. A. style. Lieut. Bertrand and Ruth are in charge.

Kinnmount. Tuesday brought me to this far circle. Lieut. Crowley and I met at the depot and escorted us to the palatial dwelling. Things have been rather hard at Kinnmount late but "there's a better day coming on." The house was terrific on the outside of our visit, but had a fairly good time notwithstanding. The Major's address was listened to by a fairly good crowd. Lieuts. Boynton and Richardson, as well as Capt. Peacock, assisted in this service.

And what can I say of our visit to Lindsay? We were certainly made to feel at home by the great officers. Lindsay has seen brighter days. We met a nice crowd on the street who listened to the story of Calvary. A very generous (?) crowd, to my mind, however. Asst. Capt. McLean and Capt. Dauberville have just taken charge, and we are looking for better things. The heat was intense here, too, but a fair crowd gathered to welcome the Major, who had been there P. O. in days gone by.

Thursday we returned to D. H. Q. after a most trying trip. The program had been full of meetings, census meetings, property inspection, interviewing Candidates, Corps-Cadets, and "show bees" etc., etc.

Orillia. Mrs. Hoddinott has been bravely holding on at Orillia in the Adjutant's absence, and D. O. came home just in time to render noble assistance at the home corps for the Sunday. Good times were the order of the day. One soul in the afternoon for salvation. Daddy Miles of Barrie, who was with us and assisted in the meetings. He is a grand old warrior. In company with the Captain and a few more of the comrades he had a regular old-time jig Sunday afternoon.

Notes.

We have just learned with deep regret of the promotion to Glory of Brother Harry Reynolds, of the Barrie corps. He had suffered a great deal but it is over now. He died a triumphant death. Comrades, do not forget the bereaved ones—Sister Major and Mrs. Reynolds and family. They need our earnest prayers and sincere sympathy.

Harvest festival is all the "go" now. Our Divisional target is only \$250 more than last year, but we are in for victory.

The D. O. leaves D. H. Q. this week, accompanied by the Cashier, for a 700 mile trip, and will not cover the full length of the Division, either. During this tour he will conduct two weddings. Capt. Jordan and Lieut. Elliott, at Barrie, and Capt. Travis and Porter, at Sudbury. Capt. Travis carries an officer into the Division, while Capt. Travis carries one off to the Pacific Province. It's a great world we live in. Then Capt. and Minnie Wedge became one at Midland on the 3rd. Brigadier Howell did the deed. God bless the marrying comrades, pray—The Rambler.



Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Hope (nee Miss F. McCausland), League of Mercy Workers in Spokane Corps.

greater music than his own. Those whose lives have had little music here will bathe in its rapture there.

A little band of League of Mercy workers passed from ward to ward and cot to cot in a Home of Incurables, singing the sweet, comforting songs of the cross. "Sing to me, please; just one hymn," pleaded a poor woman who was afflicted with a cancer upon her face. It was against the rules of the institution for us to enter the ward for fear of infection, but the trembling patient crept to the door and we sang a few verses of the "Land of pure delight where saints immortal reign." A hot tear from those poor, cancer-stricken eyes burned a spot upon my hand, and her gratitude was unbounded. By the next week's visit she had gone to hear the better song.

Oh, what a glorious company—innumerable—the trumpeters with their trumpets, the harpers with their harps, anthem taking up the mighty roll of anthem, chorus joining chorus, the voices that trembled here, the voices of the children, the martyrs, the apostles, the prophets, song upon song, wave upon wave, rolling up in a transporting climax of hallelujahs into the heart of God.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

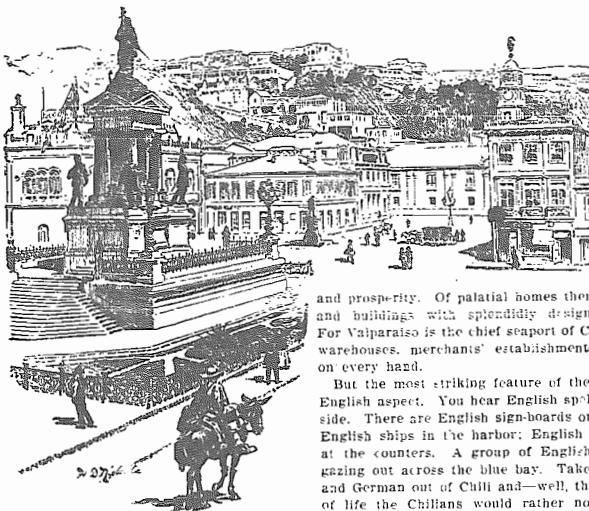
How loudly has the voice of Omnipotence resounded through the earth during the past few weeks. To say nothing of the railway disasters, wrecks, and catastrophes of various kinds, and unexpected ways, there has been the fearful expectation of earthquakes calling out in sonorous tones, "I am God, and beside Me there is none." as if the ears of men had become deaf to voices that would rather speak in terms of sternness and mercy. But as it was in the days of Noah, so now men presume upon God's mercy. He is compelled—even for man's well-being—to sit the race with severe chastisement.

We do not consider the visitation that has overtaken San Francisco and Valparaiso as being pa-

placed upon the cliffs, and a street car line encircles the city."

It was in Valparaiso that we made our first acquaintance with the fair sex as street car conductors. Women conductors, in dark flannel uniforms, white aprons, and sailor hats, receive your fares. The same custom prevails throughout the cities of Chile. The experiment was first tried when all the able-bodied men were engaged in the war with Peru, and so satisfactory were the new conductors, to both the company and the citizens, that they have continued to fill these positions ever since.

Valparaiso has a population of less than 200,000. Not a great city in point of numbers, nevertheless a city where one sees many indications of progress



Valparaiso.

icularly a judgment upon a place or a people. God is not a whimsical being, moved by a petty jealousy. Nay; rather does He appeal through His stern dispensations to man's reason and man's honor, as well as his obligation to His Maker. The wise hear; the fool continues the barker of his soul for the paltry sense of art.

The story of Valparaiso, with its wrecked buildings, its havoc, its sorrow, its losses, tells you that God is still all-powerful, and that it is with Him you have to deal. About 3,000 souls ushered into eternity, and over one hundred million dollars loss in property, and the disfigurement of an earthly paradise, surely reminds us in no unmistakable sense of the puny and futile part the fool plays who essay to resist God.

We call the following description of this earthly paradise from the observation of a recent visitor to Valparaiso:

We passed through Santiago by rail and went straight to Valparaiso, its port, as Malcolm had business there requiring immediate attention.

I had found few prettier subjects for my pencil than this same city of Valparaiso—the vale of Paradise—as we rowed out and sat resting on our oars in the harbor next day. In actual words we cannot better describe it than in those of a young American girl, whose article on Valparaiso we have since read:

"This city of hills, its houses resting tier upon tier, with their myriad of sparkling lights, reminds one of the facade of some immense public building, with its gay and brilliant illuminations."

"As the city has grown the rocky cliffs have been terraced; irregular rows of houses of different shapes and sizes rise up against the precipices. It would seem as if a convulsion of nature had placed them there, and that a volcanic eruption would send them tumbling into the sea. These are reached by winding roads, which tradition says were laid out by the goats that in the early days fed upon the mountain sides. Electric lights are

and prosperity. Of palatial homes there are many, and buildings with splendidly designed facades. For Valparaiso is the chief seaport of Chile. Banks, warehouses, merchants' establishments greet one on every hand.

But the most striking feature of the place is its English aspect. You hear English spoken on every side. There are English sign-boards on the hotels; English ships in the harbor; English shop-keepers at the counters. A group of English girls stand gazing out across the blue bay. Take the English and German out of Chile and—well, that is a phase of life the Chileans would rather not have mentioned. The "foreign element" in the cities of North America—what a different suggestion the words brought to my mind! But here in South America the foreign element was the one to us most familiar.

We stood that evening at sunset on one of the many quays that line the crescent-shaped harbor, and watched the passengers coming ashore in small boats from the mole. This mole is known as the Muelle Fiscal, and is provided with excellent hydraulic machinery for hauling trucks, and working cranes. The mole is, however, unequal to the traffic of the port, and lighters have to be also used.

We had taken lodgings in an English hotel. Shortly after midnight I awoke with a start, the white moon staring me in the face through the window.

"Hist!"

"Malcolm! Awake, man! What was it?"

"Don't be so nervous, laddie. Nothing but a bit of an earthquake. These are common in Chile. Think of the ones we had in Japan."

And Malcolm turned over with a thud on the mattress, and sighed as if he had disposed of the subject.

Sellish Salvation Seeking.

To be saved means, not to get something, but to give everything. When we have given ourselves and all that we have to Christ and His service, we receive, it is true, more than we can ever give; but if that is our chief purpose in so doing we have not caught the spirit of Christ's message. Getting saved merely for what we can get out of it for ourselves is a selfish and unworthy way to seek salvation. But to come to Christ in joyous acceptance of His salvation because only in Him can we live a life that counts, is to seek salvation for what it will make us worth to others, and that is what Christ wants us to think most about.

If you would shine as the Stars, you must live near the Sun.

Three Life Sketches.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PRISON BRIGADE OF OTTAWA I.

Convert Sergeant-Major Fischn

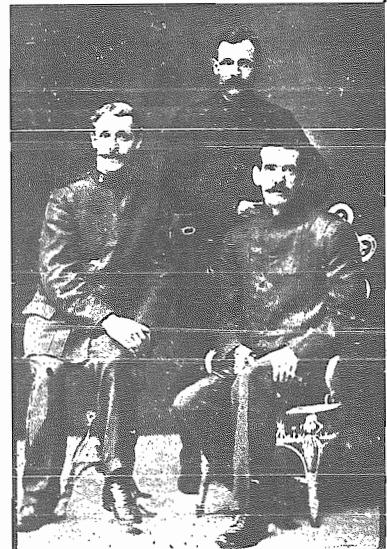
was converted through the instrumentality of two lady Evangelists, at the village of Ironsides, on Oct. 5th, 1887, and five years later entered the ranks of the Salvation Army. At that time Ensign Ethel Galt was in charge of the corps, and Bro. French has, therefore, had about fourteen years' experience in the service of God in the Army and five years spent for God in the Methodist Church. He has held various positions in the corps, being Secretary for nearly six years. Resigning last winter, he was appointed Convert Sergeant-Major, and is also War Cry Correspondent, and on Capt. Beris leaving Ottawa, was sent to fill the Captain's place in charge of the new work just opened in Ottawa Jail, in which he is deeply interested.

Sergeant James King

hails from Highgate, London, Eng., and was eight years a soldier in that corps. Through some evil influence he was led away from God on coming to Canada one year and four months ago; but he was not left alone in his wanderings from the right path. God's Holy Spirit strove mightily with him, and about one year ago we had the joy of seeing him restored to God again. He was appointed Magazine Sergeant last summer, selling such periodicals as the Musical Salvationist, etc. He is one of the first three to visit the jail, and is a valuable assistant in this work, which he loves very much, and is a faithful comrade.

Sergeant James Heney.

as the name implies, is an Irishman by birth, and for many years wandered in sin, being a slave to the drink habit and knew nothing of the blessing of salvation, having been brought up to worship God in the way his parents thought was right. But as the Harmonic Revivalists, under the late Staff-Capt. Perry, came to Ottawa I. about two years ago, Sgt. Heney was attracted to the meetings, and



Sergt.-Major A. French (standing), Sergt. James King, Sergt. James Heney.

there he saw his miserable state of soul and came to God and found pardon, and was enrolled ere Staff-Capt. Perry left for his next appointment. He is Orderly Sergeant, and is indeed a true Christian comrade, and is also a pioneer of the Prison Work, to which he is earnestly devoted.

It does not matter what the fetter is made of, the question is, does it bind?

It is a fatal thing if a man tries to carry over his old lies into the new life.

Young People's Page

ARSENIC :

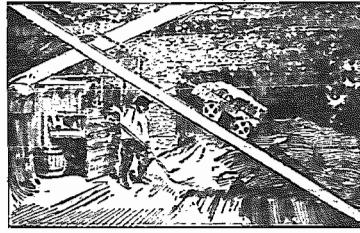
Its History and Manufacture.

The Story of a Dangerous Industry—And How it Became Remunerative.

A year or two ago there were in Cornwall, in the very centres of districts which travelers visit for the sake of their rustic beauty, places which were the most desolate to look at that one could imagine or ever dream of. It was as if here and there gigantic moles had wantonly devastated the smiling champagne. In the midst of the fleshy fields one came suddenly (says a magazine writer) at an area of desolation with upheaval of huge mounds of earth, of monstrous barrows of stones. Dotted about and around were cottages and the larger buildings from which in former days, it is evident, these operations were directed.

All around these monstrous rubbish-heaps was silence. The cottages were deserted, the buildings had fallen in. The rooks had built their nests in the tall chimneys. Nobody ever came near these deserted mines, for, though there was still abundance of mineral wealth in many of them, the free-men of Cornwall could not compete with the slaves of the Straits Settlements, and the Phoenicians went elsewhere for their tin.

Of late, however, there has been a change. These places are no longer given over to silence. A busy stir is there. On the mounds have appeared men.



PICKING A CALCIKER WITH BODGES.

women, and children, peering, groping, picking, piling up. To look at them one would say: Gleaners at work! That is what they are. These men and women and children are gleaners. Not, indeed, for the yellow ears which give bread, but for the white stones which give poison.

They are searching the barrows for white mundic, which the technicians men call mineral mispickels or arsenical pyrites. Formerly this went to the rubbish heap, and where attention was paid to it, it was only as a sign of the ore which was to be found lower down. These gleaners, in fact, are gleaners for poison; they are in search of arsenic, the wickedest and most infamous of mineral poisons.

Arsenic has always been the favorite poison of the murderer. It mixes readily with food—unlike many other poisons, it has no odor, and no taste beyond a sweetish savor, which is pleasant rather than disagreeable. That it is insoluble, that it can never be eliminated from the body, and that its traces are as visible, as a cause of death, to the practitioner as would be a stab with a knife, are circumstances which, fortunate for the ends of justice, "Messieurs les Assassins" have overlooked.

To the chemist, however, to the industrial, to the husbandman, the word has a happier sound. In the hands of Fowler the thing became a medicine which has restored vigor to the blood and color to the cheeks to thousands of green-sick sufferers. Its other uses are many. It is the active principle in sheep-dip. Cooper, the famous sheep-dip manufacturer, is the largest consumer of arsenic in the world, and uses over a thousand tons a year.

To sheep-infesting vermin Cornwall and Devon owe a great debt, and the lords of the manor, adventurers and tributaries alike, had reason to bless what elsewhere met with anathema. The Colorado beetle gave to arsenic, which till then had been considered rather a troublesome refuse, a big commercial value, and it was at that time that, now about fifteen years ago, the first arsenic works were erected. This was in the Calstock district in Devonshire, where the various mines—namely Devon Great Consols, Holmbush, Okel Tor, Coolie works, Gawton and Westlake—until recently have been producing about six hundred tons of arsenic a month.

Of late this production has greatly diminished. Thus Devon Great Consols, which formerly produced 250 tons of arsenic a month, now yields only a hundred; Okel Tor and Holmbush and Gawton nothing, whereas formerly they supplied a month; Westlake yields only twenty-five

tons in lieu of a hundred tons, and Coombe about thirty tons instead of the same quantity. This failure is what was the main supply of arsenic in the world has had a double effect. It has greatly raised the price of the mineral, and it has set people all over Cornwall hunting for the precious mundic, whilst at the tin mines the catching of the ore no longer serves two excellent purposes instead of one.

England, however, has practically the world's monopoly of arsenic, and when I say England, I mean Devon and Cornwall. If Africa can boast a Diamond King, England has the Arsenic King, for there lives in Cornwall a gentleman, representing a company of manufacturers, who, at times, has all the arsenic in the world, or most of it, in his hands. Not many months ago this gentleman held £50,000 worth of the crystalline raw.

What is arsenic? Arsenic is soot—white soot. Refined arsenic is the soot of soot—that is to say, it is the soot of crude arsenic—which is the soot of the ores or of mundic. The stones, or ores, as they come from the mines are crushed by stamps, mainly driven by water-power, to the consistency of sand or gravel. Mundic is usually less finely crushed than the ores, which are to be treated for tin. This sand or gravel is then shoveled into a kiln or furnace.

In some of these kilns the bottom revolves very slowly, by water-power, between two coal fires, so that each part of the mass is in turn subjected to the same degree of roasting. These kilns are sixteen feet in diameter, and revolve from five to ten revolutions an hour. In the roof of the furnace are fixed "flukes," or cast-iron plates at an angle of about forty-five degrees, which plough the ore outwards as it is brought against them by the revolution of the bed. In this way every part of the mass is equally roasted. These calciners can deal with from four to five tons of ore every twenty-four hours, at a cost of from one and a half to two hundred-weight of coal, and two shillings for labor for every ton of ore treated.

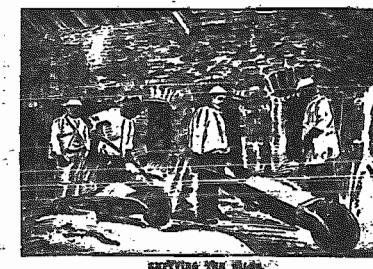
The manufacture of the poison is terrible in its simplicity. One wet afternoon I had taken refuge in a Cornish cottage, where I fell in with a gentleman who is largely interested in this industry, and who gave me the idea of writing this article.

"It is the simplest thing in the world," he said. "Look, here is a piece of arsenical stone," and he produced a glittering pebble. "Well, with nothing but that stone, the kitchen fire, and that shovel there, I can produce enough arsenic to kill every man, woman, and child in this cottage in a few minutes.

So he put his piece of white mundic in the fire, and held the shovel over it, so that the fumes should strike it as they rose, and there, true enough, after a few minutes, was a deposit which, when scraped, came away in the form of greyish powder. "That's arsenic," he said. "Would you like to taste it?"

Arsenic, then, is the soot which is deposited by the fumes which rise from the roasting of arsenical ores. If these fumes were allowed to escape up a long chimney direct from the furnace, that chimney would soon become choked with the white soot; but much would escape with the rest, and wreak devastation abroad. Arsenic fumes are very dangerous to vegetation as well as to life, and accordingly, even when this soot had little or no commercial value, care was taken by the manufacturers to avoid the penalties of the Alkali and other Acts, to allow as little arsenic as possible to escape with the smoke from their furnaces.

In those days a virtue was made of a law-imposed



PICKING THE MINE.

accessory; now this virtue is its own exceeding reward. The manufacturer to-day is even more anxious than the factory-inspector that no arsenic should escape with the smoke from the chimney, and such are now the methods of condensation of this smoke that this result is practically obtained.

The smoke from the calciners is accordingly allowed to escape only after it has deposited every atom—as far as this is possible—of its arsenic content. To produce this effect, it passes through numerous chambers before it reaches the chimney

through which it issues forth into the open air. Seen from afar, these chambers or flues suggest from the serpentine form a monstrous snake; and to one remembering with what poison its belly is charged, the comparison will only be the more impressive.

The number of these chambers varies, as does their length. Sometimes they extend over a thousand feet.

The series of chambers forms one long zigzag passage, broken at intervals by a wall extending almost its whole width, starting now from one side, now from the other. Each chamber is from three to five feet six inches high, and from three to four feet wide. Entrance is obtained into the cells—for the purpose of cleaning out the crevices arsenic or soot—through an opening in the wall which is closed up with an iron plate carefully plastered over round the edges. Arsenic has a great affinity for oxygen, so that the slightest crevices in the walls will serve for leakage.

The chambers are opened at irregular periods. In those nearest the furnace the greatest quantity of soot is found; in those nearest the stack or chimney there is sometimes barely a dust-layer on the floor. The crude arsenic is often taken out by the shovel and heaped up in a shed. At one mine I saw a huge heap of the bluish-white soot. "There's enough arsenic there," said my guide, "to poison a whole city." The bluish tint which I noticed proceeded from the carbon and other extraneous matter, but this heap contained at least seventy per cent. of pure arsenic, and was worth, as it stood, from £17 to £18 the ton.

It is interesting to notice that in spite of its terribly dangerous character of this poison, only one death has been recorded at the mines for a long period, and that purely the result of an accident.

Physical Training.

All these exercises are valuable, and good for the health, especially for those who have little walking or bodily activity in their lives, but who spend most of their time sitting in one position.

For them these exercises are specially good; but, like all others, they should be taken in moderation, quietly, and without jerks; in a room where there is a fresh current of air, and with no tight or cramping clothing to hinder the movements.

They are as suitable for women as for men.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2. Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

Leg Exercises.

Exercise 1.—Lie flat on the ground on the back, with the hands on hips, feet together, and toes pointed.

Raise legs slowly until they are perpendicular, and then lower them slowly until they are on the ground once more. (Fig. 1.)

Repeat this three times.

II.—"Position." Hands on hips as in the last exercise. Keep legs stiff and raise slowly on the toes, and then slowly bring them back again. Repeat twenty-five to thirty times.

Very this by keeping legs stiff and jumping on the toes with a skipping movement.

III.—Standing in the same position, bend slowly down from the knees, until sitting on the heels, and then slowly up again, three or four times. This is called the double knee bend. (Fig. 2.)

IV.—Standing in the same position, feet together, raise left knee as high as the waist, forcing the knee down and then slowly bring it to the ground again. (Fig. 3.)

Same action with the right foot. Repeat this steadily as if marching.

V.—Keep the hands in the same position and the legs stiff, march round the room on toes. (Fig. 4.)

FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Temperance.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought to perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself—i.e., waste nothing.

Industry.—Live no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

Wrecked in Sight of the Harbor.

One of the worst storms that has swept Lake Ontario for many years occurred two weeks ago. Considerable damage was done, and the illustration given herewith shows the wreck of a large schooner, with over 700 tons of coal in her hold. Being within sight of the bay, the captain hoped to reach it, and thus find safety. The heavy seas, however, were too much for her, and losing her rudder the schooner soon became helpless and

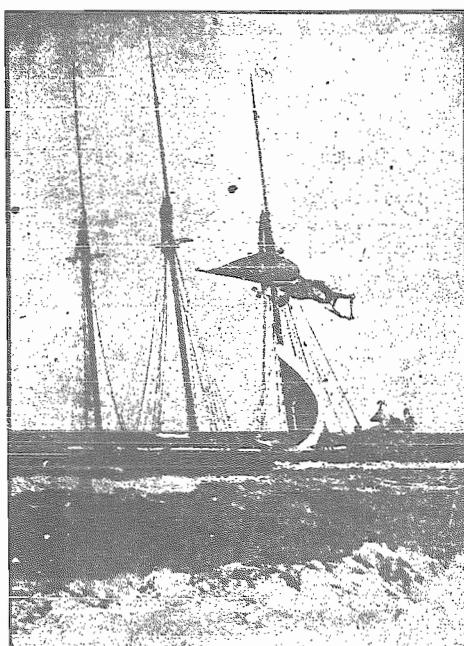
Was Driven Ashore

within a few yards of the gap—the entrance to the harbor. With difficulty and great courage on the part of Capt. Ward and others, the crew of seven persons were rescued by the life-boat from Ward's Island. The wreck is plainly visible from the Yonge St. wharf, her tall masts seeming to tell the pathetic story of the forlorn condition of the wreck—the more pathetic because within a few minutes of home and safety.

Moralizing sounds weak in the face of such forceful illustrations, yet can one resist the recurrence of the thought that St. Paul gave expression to when he referred to those who had "made shipwreck of faith"?

Oh, these spiritual wrecks!

Oh, the sorrowful story connected with the lives of so many backsliders! They are to be found in almost every barracks—though, alas! many of them are not to be found there, but in worse places, not realizing their dreadful condition. Their worse than helpless and useless position but too plainly portrays a awful contrast between their former happy, useful experience in serving God and man. Some of them had run well for a short time, others longer, and, oh, terrible thought some were wrecked in sight of the harbor. Backsliders, while there is hope, and before you sink into the unfathomable darkness of despair, let the Master Mariner put you right on the true course for the Harbor of Eternal Peace.



The Wreck of the Reuben Dowd. Her back is broken and she is a total loss. The photo does not give an adequate idea of the heavy seas that drove her on the sand bar.

But is this Right?

Let us pause and ask ourselves fairly and squarely is this right? Ought we to avoid what is my plain duty because it involves self-sacrifice, and trouble, and toil, and effort? To such an enquiry every Christian will admit the rightness and need of such effort; they will also see that Jesus died on purpose to save the world, and that He has conferred on His followers the high honor of co-operating with Him in the accomplishment of this grand purpose, but they reply, "I have not enough desire to see people saved to call forth my own energies in that direction."

To the souls who have to make such an admission as that in themselves, we would earnestly and lovingly ask: Do you really think that you are saved? Are you sure that the love of God is shed abroad in your heart? or is not your experience of God's pardoning love but a memory? It is wise to be sure of your foundation, for it may be the billows of temptation which have rolled round your feet at times have swept you from off the rock upon which you rested. So just come once again right up to the point and ask yourself, "Is Jesus Christ my present Saviour? Am I trusting Him now for pardon and adoption? If I really believe that He has saved me from sin and from hell, how am I to show my gratitude for such a wonderful manifestation of love and power on my behalf?"

I answer, the only way in which we can show our love and gratitude is by

Identifying Ourselves with the Purposes Which Jesus Came on Earth to Fulfill.

And why did He come? To save the world from sin and eternal hell. We must, therefore, apply ourselves to the object in the measure that our circumstances will permit, and in all our service with the intensity that the earnest nature of the work requires, and at all times without exception our

in such a way they would argue.

Perhaps I may not be correct in limiting this kind to one or two. They may be more numerous than that, but it's the "sort," the "stamp," the "brand," I refer to. Now everybody who has had anything to do with soul-saving knows that it is a very earnest business; it taxes one's whole being. It is "travailing in birth," and it is rarely accomplished without much earnest prayer to God, much pleading with the sinner, and much labor of soul and mind, and it is for this reason, probably, that so many Christians take no part in soul-saving efforts.

service must be prompted by love to God, otherwise it is not acceptable to God, nor will receive His blessing. I rejoice that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and that every man, woman, or child, no matter of what capacity of mind or soul, can be filled with love, and when that is so, that person is "Spirit-filled," or "God-filled," or "sanctified wholly," and divinely fitted for successful and acceptable service in the Kingdom of God, according to his or her ability and opportunity.

It is the intensity of love, and not the quantity of work accomplished, that stamps our service as divine, therefore let us "By love serve one another," and also "Love God with all our heart, and all our mind, and all our strength, for love never faileth."

One Way of Getting a Blessing.

Sunday found me removed from usual Sabbath labors, comfortably homed at lovely St. Peter's Bay. The morning was ideal. I had intended reading for an hour but nature spoke too strongly, and I went out to commune with her and her God. A gentle breeze rippled over the Bay; here, just pebbling the water damantly; there, where stronger, making tiny wavelets. A painter might represent this embrace of elements, wind and water kissing each other; but what human power could ever duplicate the actual elements or the scene? God only! It was a revelation of His tender power!

Over the Bay came

The Sound of an Organ.

What were they playing? Ah, hallowed song! "Jesus, Lover of My Soul!" How the words sang to my soul as I stood and listened!

A flock of young plover circled swiftly along the bank; a dog barked playfully across the water; a king-fisher splashed in for his morning meal. From the bridge I gazed down at the minnows swimming in great schools against the out-going tide. Two bare-headed children toddled along the road, hand in hand, pictures of innocence. On either slope were green trees and laughing fields, with restful homes set therein as jewels adorning the pastoral bason. A sail was on the bay. The grasshoppers chirped; the bees hummed busily; by the echoes of a distant cow-bell came faintly to the ear, while birds sang joyously from many a wing or cover.

Does one need to go to church or Army to meet and commune with God? No, no, no! He is all around us, and all the time around us! Where is the atheist, where is the agnostic, where is the infidel, where is the sinner who can truly

Listen to Nature's Sermon

and not be converted? Where is the believer who, as his eye gathers in the glorious panorama of sun and wave, and tree, and field, and life, does not cry out in rapture and thanksgiving, as his heart throbs wildly with the joy of it all—"This God is the God I adore and serve!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, so kind and hospitable, did not know it, but I got the blessing of the summer here to-day.—W. A. Hawley.

Thought They Were Safe.

Terrible destruction befell homes in a Hudson River town recently. The people for years had been warned that they were living on quicksand, liable at any time to give way as the clay pits were dug nearer them. One night a family was told that the nearby bank had already broken.

"Oh," said one, "an hour more cannot make much difference; no need to be alarmed."

Within ten minutes the house and all that was in it were swept to destruction.

Another said, "I have lived here ten years, guess I am good for another ten," but the hour he, too, was engulfed.

We are safe only on the Rock—Jesus Christ. Dig deep and lay the foundation well. Then when the stream rises and beats vehemently against you, as it is sure to do, it cannot shake you; for that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

Consecrated men are workers together with Jesus. Their labor is not in vain in the Lord.

When the soul is entire, ever thought, desire, aspiration, and will be while the soul is being, broad, less.

WAR CRY

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EDITORIALS

The General. It will doubtless have proven a wonder to thousands that our great veteran leader should, at seventy seven years of age, be able to undertake such a campaign as revealed by the reports of his motor tour in the last two and present issues of the War Cry. There is no let up to his earnest desire on behalf of the souls and bodies of men, for verily he is dealing with mighty issues that pertain to both.

Harvest Festival. This institution has become time-honored, even from a Salvation Army standpoint. It dates back a long time, however, for almost everyone knows their Bible sufficiently to remember that it was one of the annual feasts of the Levitical law. A tenth of the firstfruits were brought into the house of the Lord, and were devoted to His work. The fact that this is the spirit and purpose of the Harvest Festival effort should be sufficient to warrant the heartiest co-operation of soldiers with their officers, and a generous response on the part of giving a tangible expression of their gratitude to Him who has so bountifully bestowed the various fruits of harvest.

The British **Toronto** was honored by **Medical Association**, being the place of meeting for this session of the Association. Eminent physicians and surgeons from Europe, Asia, and America were present, and the advantage to the profession in Canada, by the light and counsel resulting from the gathering will probably be difficult to estimate, and thus, too, will the sick and afflicted all be benefited.

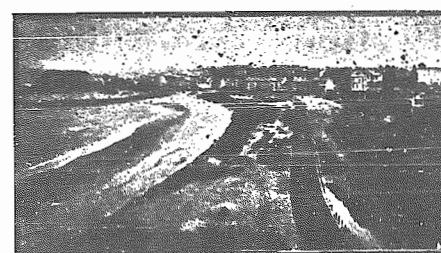
Many important papers were read, but there was one that particularly struck us as being worthy of referring to—that of Sir Victor Horsley. He took strong ground again: the use of alcohol in surgical practice, and declared its medicinal qualities absolutely nil, and in most cases positively harmful. He supported his statements with such tangible evidence as shown in the fact that the cost of alcohol in the London hospitals had decreased in forty years from \$40,000 to \$15,000, while the annual milk bill had increased from \$15,000 to \$40,000. Surely this testimony should prove a strong enough temperance sermon to bring about results—and that immediately—throughout Canada as would gladden sorrowing wives and parents in particular, and Christians in general, who realize somewhat of the devastating work of the great destroyer.

Immigration. The words spoken by Premier Whitney at one of the General's meetings in England are forcible and timely, and are backed up by facts that have been amply demonstrated. Almost at the same moment Commissioner Coombs and the General's representative—Colonel Lamb—are dealing with the herculean feat of bringing out and placing 25,000 persons next year, in accordance with the principles already adopted. Brigadier Howell and his agents are in touch with the farmers and their needs all over the country, and so perfect is the machinery that before a shipment of 1997 is arranged for provision will have been made for their reception and distribution.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's Welcome to West Ontario.

(By Wire.)

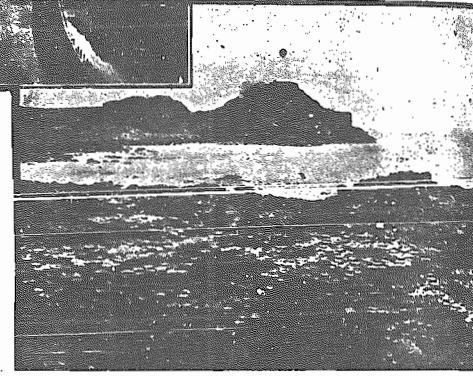
Colonel and Mrs. Sharp received enthusiastic welcome to Western Ontario on Sunday from soldiers and friends. Holliness meeting, seven seekers. Good open-air and inside meeting in the afternoon. Citadel well filled at night by an appreciative audience. Three souls at the penitent form. Crowds and finances excellent.—Staff-Capt. Turpin.



The Beach,
Portrush,

and the:

Giant's
Causeway.



Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario,

Speaks at the General's Meeting in Bath.

HIS TWO REASONS FOR SUPPORTING US.

The Premier of Ontario, the Hon. J. P. Whitney, traveled to Bath from London, in company with Dr. Pye, Minister of Education, in order to be present at the General's meeting in that city on Saturday last, and delivered a stirring, patriotic, and weighty address.

After explaining that his object of obtaining some rest and relaxation in the Old Country had been upset by a letter from Commissioner Coombs, inviting him to take part in the meeting; and after passing a high eulogy upon the ability of our Canadian Commissioner and Brigadier Tom Howell, the Canadian statesman gave two reasons why he supported the Army, both in his individual and representative position.

"First," he said, "I believe in the good influence of the Salvation Army. The actions and works of the Army speak for themselves. I believe it to be the bounden duty of all occupying a position similar to mine to draw the attention of the community to every influence that works for its well-being, and it is my duty that brings me here to say what I have said, and to add that I fully believe that this good influence will continue. (Loud applause.)

"The other reason why I support the Salvation Army is because of its emigration work. Over a year ago the Salvation Army brought a thousand selected emigrants on board the Vancouver. Instead of dumping them down in the docks, and leaving them in a worse plight than they would have been if left to themselves, Salvation Army officers, who had previously found for them places in Canada, mostly on the land, saw them straight into their destinations, and I am here to say that the Salvation Army has had a smaller percentage of failures than any other organization engaged in this work. This being the truth, it is right that the truth should be told." (Loud applause.)

The honorable gentleman next proceeded to magnify the importance of this work as it affected Canada, which he described as a great auxiliary nation of the British Empire, and concluded by saying: "The methods of the Army have been criticized, General. That's your affair, sir. I have nothing to do with them. It was the results that commended themselves to me, and by the results I am satisfied." (Loud and prolonged applause)—English War Cry.

The new Song Book will be a boon to Canada, particularly to those corps having bands, as the numbers are the same as in the hand book. The cheapest variety of this book will be sold at twenty-five cents.

Glimpses of Beautiful Ireland

C NEWSLETS.

The Commissioner is anxious that fifes and drums should be adopted in the junior work as far as possible.

Riverdale, we believe, is the first corps to undertake this, and have placed an order with the Trade Department for supplies.

The Trade Department is getting a supply of fifes and other requisites from the International Headquarters. Information given on request.

We had the pleasure of meeting an old and well-remembered Canadian veteran in Lieut.-Colonel Margetts. The Temple was favored with a lecture by the Lieut.-Colonel on "Is the Child Worth Saving?" Many were glad to see the Colonel. We also cause a glimpse few days ago of the glow that beams on Major Edwy White's face.

With such reinforcements as Capt. Hanagan in the Financial Department, we presume Brigadier Horn will now prove himself that the enemies of that Department may consider they have met their Waterloo.

Rumor has it that a new Staff Band of an order that is to astonish the natives is about to develop. It will doubtless consume much surplus energy, which may not be the least worthy feature. Success to the new organization—may it prove a terror to the devil.

The Temple Band is delighted with the silver-plating work done through the Trade Department. Any band contemplating having their instruments plated should communicate with the Trade Department, as the best work, at a very moderate price, can be depended upon.

Major Morris and the Male Quartette from Headquarters, aroused considerable interest during their visit to Owen Sound, and good crowds came to the barracks to hear them. Everyone worked well in the meetings, and much enthusiasm and zeal were manifested, resulting in the capture of four souls on Sunday night. A good open-air was held in the park in the afternoon. On Monday a musical festival was given in the barracks, and the crowd was a record one.

The Commissioner generously granted a half-holiday to the Headquarters Staff, and invited them to tea at Centre Island, in honor of Colonels Lamb and Simpson. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and the ladies who served under his direction, served it up in a style worthy to do honor to princes—and weren't they?

Don't miss next week's Cry. It will be the Harvest Beautiful number, and will be a

The General's Third Motor Campaign

Great Enthusiasm at Rochdale, Burnley, Crewe, and Other Places.

By Our Special Correspondent.

The third week of this campaign—the most thrilling and electrifying of any in this or any other land—is over.

I have beheld some wonderful visions of human feeling in civilized and semi-civilized parts of the world; but I cannot recall an occasion when the human face was so lit up with the light of affection as in Lancashire and Cheshire this week, or when the human eye dazzled with such lustre as when the man with the grey, red-braided water-proof, and snow-white head, stood up in his white car and beamed his blessing upon the faces of tens of thousands of the men and women 'rollers' of these great centres! There has been nothing like it!

As to numbers, previous records must go to the board.

Men, Women, and Children.

It was computed that on the day the General scaled the hills that surrounded Clitheroe, Barnsley, and Rochdale three hundred thousand men, women, and children must have turned out to see him.

A large degree of novelty entered into the first campaign; it was a daring innovation. That was maintained to a less extent in the second. But in this campaign you are not conscious of curiosity. The cars, as an exhibition, have practically lost their attraction; while the one man in his car is peered for with ravenous looks, and, when seen, is welcomed with an intensity of feeling, and with such joyous shouts, mingled with religious benediction from religious and irreligious alike, that one is compelled to say, "This is a new movement—a veritable rising of the people"—and to ask, "Will it last? What will it lead to? What will the issues be?"

The Army and the People.

One is forced to think forwards, as well as backwards, and I do not envy the General and the Chief of the Staff the task when they sit down to think out what their answer to this outburst of affection will be. For let there be no mistake about it—the Salvation Army and the people are inextricably mixed together. The people are not only discharging with interest their debt for past exploits in the cause, but they are looking to us for more. We must go on, every jack man of us, to justify their hopes, and crown the name of our Lord with honor, praise, and blessing, or there will be a terrible judgment.

Try and imagine what one day alone in this campaign signifies. If Londoners can imagine the pavements from the Mansion House to Hyde Park, New Yorkers the sidewalks of Broadway, and Liverpudians the thoroughfares from Lord Street to Aigburth, crowded with people in their work-a-day clothes, clogs, aprons, and shawls, breaking out into one long, deafening cheer, with ejaculations of "Bless him!" at every few yards, they will then have an idea of the immensity of the thing.

Artisan's Benediction.

At Burnley it was a scream, at Rochdale a roar, and with a Niagara around the Town Hall, where it is believed, thirty thousand men, women, and children stood in a dense pack. At Crewe, men, men, men were everywhere. It was an artisan's benediction. The General entered Burslem, Tunstall, and Hanley in a succession of blinding showers between 10 and 11 a.m. It was a morning not fit for a dog to be out.

But from the factories out rushed thousands and thousands of potters, and women-polishers, and tracers in their clean white overalls, who stood in the streets shouting their blessings upon the occupant of the white car. No employer or master could keep them in. Work had to stand still. Closing my eyes, I listened as if to the noise of many waters. When I opened them I saw nothing but faces and outstretched bare arms—a wonderfully enchanting sight.

These outbursts of affection were not only characteristic of the towns; they were even more manifest by the wayside and in small places. This will strike some as very unlikely. The country is not demonstrative. But all on board the cars will

Thrown into the Car.

Groups of ten to a hundred people, sheltered under leafy canopies from the sun, but oftener from the rain, would make the countryside and woods re-echo with their shouts and blessings on the head of the man they love. Cards of greeting, small and large bouquets, bunches of fruit, envelopes with shillings, sixpences, and sovereigns were thrown into—hut, alas! sometimes only at—the white car. It could not stop, you see, the law of the time-table had to be kept.

An old lady of ninety insisted on being led on two crutches to the roadside, that she might see "the dear General," adding, "I will then die in peace."

At another point a half-hidden creature had to be brought in her very bed to the lane-end to wave her soul-loving cheer to the good man. Mothers

would be, with him when his feet touched the cold waters of the Jordan, the few soldiers from Tewkesbury were deeply moved.

An Outdoor Campaign.

In fact, in a very important sense, this has been a huge open-air campaign. The greater part of the time is spent on the high road; and, frankly, the General's meetings by the wayside have been refreshing wells of pure salvation feeling. Indoors the work of the General is necessarily and properly educational. Outdoors it is, as it has been since the General began at fifteen to preach Christ and Him crucified, red-hot religion. He is here heard at his very best.

At Todmorden the General spoke to that he could be heard easily by eight thousand people; at Nantwich ten thousand; at Whitchurch—where, by the way, the military hand came out and did the General honor—ne'er near the people perfectly specimens by one of the straightest and most practical expositions of simple Christianity that I have ever listened to. It was full of this sort of talk:—

"Don't play the fool with your money. Save it, make the best use of it to promote your true happiness, the interests of your poorer neighbors, and the Kingdom of God. Look at your health. Next to salvation, it is the greatest blessing on earth.



The Motor-Bus, Seventy-Three Years Ago.—Hancock's Steam-Coach, the "Era," Arriving at Greenwich.

Hancock's steam-coach, which plied between London and Greenwich, resembled two stage-coaches on end, with a third compartment like a mail van or baggage van. It was mentioned in the Parliamentary Report of 1833 as a machine in daily use on common roads. The Report continues, "Mr. Hancock reckons that with his carriage he could keep up a speed of ten miles per hour, without injury to the machine."

cried, "Bless my child, General!" and he would raise his restful hand in response. One man wept in a little crowd outside Evesham because the white car halted before he could get near to it with his boy. All solitary and alone, it is safe to say hundreds of men and women along the route stood and smiled, waved their hands, or shouted God-speeds. Many devices were invented to bring the car to a standstill. Once or twice they succeeded, not altogether to the pleasure of the time-table-keeping pilot.

A Strange Device.

Between Cheltenham and Bath, two old ladies, wearing Army shields, held a long streamer right athwart the roadway, on which were painted, in flaming letters, "Welcome, General! Thank you for your words. We'll be glad to see you again!" Here was faith, indeed, such as we had not seen in all England! It staggered Colonel Eadie. We stopped. To the right, a horse and trap were decorated with amazing letters, glorifying the General, and commanding heaven's blessing upon "the friend of the poor."

The company, to the number of fifty, embraced half a dozen patriarchal-looking farmers, one of whom (a Mr. Chriss) was introduced as co-founder with George Williams of the Y.M.C.A., and who has personally conducted a prayer meeting in his kitchen for fifty years! This touched the General's heart.

Be careful, then, what you put into your body. It is the temple of God. Your soul is in it. Serve the Lord with clean hands. Praise Him with clean lips. Don't pollute them with drink and tobacco. Save your souls—whatever else you do, do this. And serve God. Don't be deluded by that damnable heresy, that it is left to your option whether you will or not. It is right to serve God. You ought to do so. Be a Salvation Army in your own heart and life. Go to work and save the people. As we came over these lovely hills, I could not but admire these cars. They were like almighty conquerors, insignificant as they looked. They were not frightened at the steep inclines. They rushed up, grinding their way to the top, and once over, they seemed to pant to surmount another. And what is the secret of it all? They have a fire inside. Have you a fire in your church, your home, and your heart?"

Penitent Form Wanted.

Inspired by the look of conviction that invariably rested upon the faces of the crowd, the General would fire away, until one expected to see the foot-board of the white car converted into a penitent form.

At one of these wayside talks I observed Colonel Edward Wright's features contract, and his eyes turn moist. He is a strong man, and can keep his feelings well in hand; but the effect of that wayside speech of the General's snatched away his usual

reins, and when the General prayed, it was in the Holy Ghost and with emotion from on high.

We had two such exceptionally-charming war-sides. One was at the pretty little spot, Lichfield, the birthplace of Samuel Johnson. The white car stopped near to the Cathedral, a few yards from the house in which the great writer was born, and under the very shadow of the statue erected to his memory. The Mayor (Mr. Harrison) did not omit to make a comparison between the dead and the living—the one who had inscribed his name on the pillar of literary fame, the other on the hearts of the oppressed and the outcast. The General gave a stunning address on the sacredness of doing our duty to God and our neighbors, and though the majority of his listeners used their umbrellas—*i.e.* there was a heavy rain—*I* could see that the General's words had gone home. A drunkard followed him to the white car to shake hands with our Leader, and got a bolt of truth for his pains. "Give up the drink, General! All right, sir! I will." When we got out of the crowd, the General said, "If we had but a peasant form that fellow would have been our first out!"

Not to Martyrdom.

The other war-side with a historic background occurred in the town of the hill on which stands the manor-house of Kidderminster, made immortal by Sir Walter Scott in his masterpiece of *Kenilworth*. The Councillor who introduced the General to the town pointed to the opposite side of the street, and remarked that it was just there that the Bisons stopped on the way of execution and bade the flowers bid last to their faith. The General made a short but suggestive use of the occasion. "I go not to martyrdom," he said, "but to receive greater assurance from my fellowmen of their being confident in me." He proceeded to explain the change as arising from what the Salvation Army represented and stood for. We had traveled a good distance since Lichfield, and I bled for the other of Divine revelation. But how we have transmuted, as a matter, the letter of the

Divine law into living practice is a question that may well make us pause.

For the Man in the Street.

But this campaign has not only supplied a trumpet for the man in the street with which to voice his admiration for and faith in the General of the Salvation Army. It has done more. If that were all, it would still be worth recording as a striking movement of the times. The campaign has brought into it, as I pointed out last week, the religious and civic leaders of the country in a way that is truly surprising. They have spoken emphatically, and almost without qualification, in support of our work, and the way in which the Salvation Army is led and managed.

Army, Church, Chapel.

Civic addresses, with one or two exceptions, have been presented to the General wherever he has gone. Mayors have entertained the Staff. Ministers of the free churches have pressed their way to the General's platform to testify to their sympathy with him and his work, and what is more remarkable, Canon and Vicars of the Church of England have, with equal magnanimity, and with even a keener insight into the spiritual energy of our work, opened the meetings with prayer, and praised God for the faithfulness of the General in his day and generation.

For example, Canon Atkinson, at Coventry, thanked God that we placed so prominently before the world salvation by Christ, and holiness by the regeneration of the Spirit, and with his wife half-hidden and feeling he spoke of the General as the person who embodied the compassion of Christ for souls in a marvelous degree.

Even more enthusiastic was Canon Flory, of Leominster, who said, "I don't say one half of what I owe of gratitude to God for the life of the General, but speaking as a clergyman of the church, I am in a class of one of its embassadors. I conclude that the man of that man must be very central, and its nature very small if he does not recognize the great and noble work he is employed

by the Salvation Army." And these men know they are talking about.

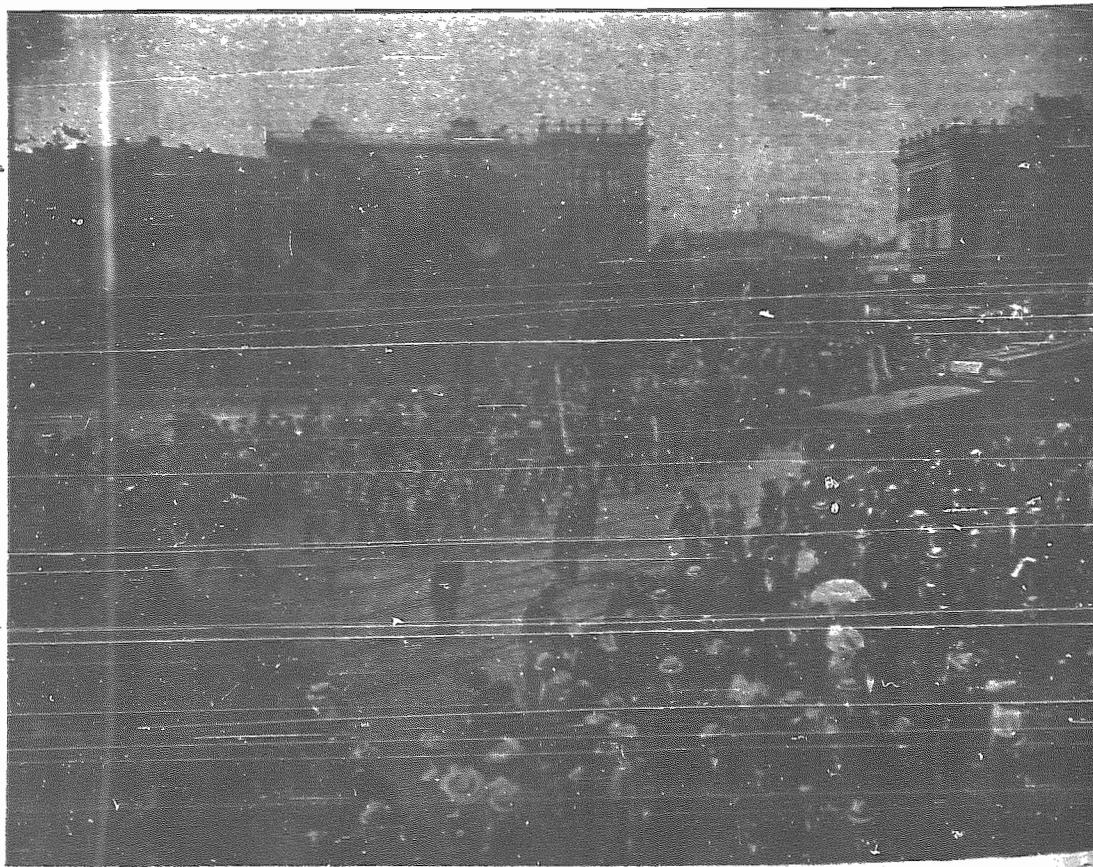
Chairman's Address.

Then there are the chairmen. Their names have been the opposite of platinodinarian. They have embraced M.P.s, Mayors, Magistrates, No-conformists, and Churchmen—high broad, and low—while some are not conspicuous among the fellow-townsmen for doing much in the way of religion. But they know the Army. And they like a set of scribblers who gather their impressions of our work from irresponsible outside pens. They come in contact with our own people daily.

In Shakespeare's Memorial Theatre.

On Friday—the worst day of the week—the General filled the big Opera House at 11 a.m. London, in the afternoon, opened the eyes of the well-to-do to the latent emotional powers of the stage. The local people say they seldom had such cheering as accompanied the General in his visit to Town sum. The Mayor here was the crown of kindness. We closed the day at Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespearian fame. Here a remarkable thing occurred. The Memorial Theatre that has never been leased to any religious organization, was generously placed at the General's disposal.

Next morning, favored with a genial breeze, the General drove thirty miles round through one of the fairest spots on earth, Oh, England, England, how beautiful is thy dress! From the top of the Cotswold Hills we view a long stretch of noon-day beauty. Not satisfied with the attractiveness of mid-a-moon, the General spoke at no less than three vantage points. About 2 p.m. we descended upon Bath, rushed toward the Savoy, along the route which people in hundreds waved their hands to passing traveler. The cars had to wedge their way into the heart of an enormous crowd, and when the ceremony of welcome was over, and the M.P. (Mr. Shattock) had stepped from the white car, Captain Catherine Booth took his place. "This is a grandchild!" said the General, embracing her, the intense joy of the crowd.



Great March at the Berlin Congress, Germany.

CORPS BULLETINS

ARNOLD'S COVE. The S. A. is in a healthy Out- Harbor Fighting condition in this part of the vineyard. Last week I visited Chance Cove, an outpost. We had a good time and three souls. This week I visited Muskei Harbor Arm, another outpost. These dear comrades have put up a good fight, but now they have a nice little barracks and quarters, and are waiting for our leaders to see their way clear to send them an officer. We had a nice time and all seemed happy to see an officer once more. On my return I found that under the leadership of S.M. Peach the comrades had some blessed times. Of late we have had two young men saved, who are keeping good, and I believe will make two good fighting soldiers.—A. J. Mercer, Capt.

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AURORA. We had the pleasure Misses Kyle and Simpson of having Miss Kyle, Lead on, daughter of our Chief

Secretary, and Miss

Eva Simpson, of Territorial Headquarters, with us for Saturday and all day Sunday. Their visit was much enjoyed, and God came and blessed us much.

We had plenty of singing and music. Miss Simpson played the cornet and also the guitar, and with their singing it took very well. Sunday night God came near to us, and though tired in body, our spirits put all their strength and soul into the meeting.

Miss Simpson spoke us about Zacchaeus, and after a hard fight in the prayer meeting we had the joy of seeing three souls knelt at Jesus' feet. God bless them and keep them true. There were others in the meeting that should have come, but would not give in, so after praying for and pleading with them, we closed our meeting feeling we had done our best, and also that we had a good day, starting with knee-drill at 7 a.m.—N. Nicholson, Capt.

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ESSEX. On Sunday, August 26th, Farewell of Officers. Capt. and Mrs. Sharpe held their farewell meetings. Many of the soldiers and friends testified to the help and blessing received through the labors of the Captain and his wife since their arrival here, nearly ten months ago. During the evening service a pastor of one of the leading churches addressed the large gathering in the barracks. The prayer meeting closed with three souls at the penitent form. On Tuesday morning a goodly number of the soldiers formed a march and accompanied the officers from the barracks to the station, where a stirring open-air meeting was held. We are expecting Capt. and Mrs. Fennacy, of Windsor, on Friday evening.—One interested.

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FENELON FALLS. On Sunday Staff-Capt. and Capt. Ellery were with us all day. We were glad to see our comrades back again. They

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BRAMPTON. Beautiful week-end. Crowds above One Soul. The average, finances good, and on soul at night. Lieutenant Palmer's visit a great blessing.—Lieut. K. Yandaw.

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BRANTFORD. Another grand week-end for Getting Steam Up. God. We struck for victory. Four souls out to the penitent form in the morning holiness meeting. Bandsman Tindall gave us some good encouragement by a short talk, partly on his own experience. Open-air good and we attended. Savatow battle at night. Six souls out for salvation. Harvest Festival steam is coming up.—H. C. K.

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CHANNEL. On Saturday night four dear com Seven Souls, radeus took their stand as soldiers. Sunday was a blessed day to our souls and at the close two poor wandering souls came to Christ and proved His power to save. On Tuesday night a dear mother, who had been under conviction for several weeks, rose to her feet and came to the penitent form, where she got saved.—M. Noel.

 * * *

CLARK'S BEACH. Sunday, from 7 a.m. till we closed at night. God's power was felt and one soul found pardon, making two for the week. Wednesday night in the open-air we had a blessed time. The soldiers were all on fire. On Friday night we were favored with a visit from the wild-man from the West, Ensign Bristow. The open-air meeting made the people wonder what would happen next, and brought them to the barracks, where the Ensign gave us a talk on Zacchaeus, which we enjoyed very much.—Lucie Heidrich, Capt.

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COLLINGWOOD. We are having good meetings Four Souls, and four souls have sought salvation during the past week.—

Gladie.

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DARTMOUTH. Oh see by the last wak'n's The Illgitant Told Cry that you bin blowin' on' Macintoir. ay th' folks up a bit, so'll be after givin' ye a bit av th' news. Our open-air matins are foine in daid. Th' folks av thim ol aint same this miny a day. A home mission worker slipped into th' ring Saturday night and preached like a good wan. Wan av th' foilest soldiers came to make things roight agin a Sunday night mathin' an' it wud do a power av good to see th' owl men carry th' flag down th' strathore like th' illgitant told Macintoir himself. Staff-Capt. McNamara gave us a foine matin Sunday night. A very noice congregation were present an' a good impression were manifest.—Wan av them.

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DESERONTO. On Saturday night Brigadier Farewell of P. O. Turner bid farewell to the local corps, as he is leaving this Province, after being the Provincial Officer for over five years. Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Trimm, of Trenton, were present, and spoke of the kindness of the Brigadier, as also did the local officers. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry made a few remarks on the Brig-

adier's personal interest and kindness to herself and other officers of the Province, and also of the advancement the Army had made in this Province under his kind and zealous leadership. Brigadier Turner urged the soldiers and comrades to overcome everything that would tend to hinder them from being warriors in the fight with sin, and the uplifting of fallen humanity. The Sunday meetings were conducted by Capt. Harry Hurd, assisted by the local officers. Capt. Hurd is known in Montreal as "Bright Sides." He is an officer of great lung capacity, and is never stuck for a word to tell of the bright side of the Christian life, for if there is not one in the dictionary expressive enough, he has no hesitation in coining one for the occasion.—Local Paper.

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FENELON FALLS. On Sunday Staff-Capt. and Capt. Ellery were with us all day. We were glad to see our comrades back again. They

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as two of our buildings are going under repairs. We are having victory all around. The soldiers are pulling up and are expecting great things from the hands of the Lord.—Benjamin.

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GUELPH. Glorious weekend at Guelph; a Band Sunday. Time of great blessing and power. It was Band Sunday, each bandsman doing their duty to make it a success. Large crowds attended open-air. The response to all offerings taken was very liberal indeed. One young man surr-arrived.—Pattenden.

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HALIFAX. Sunday was a good day to our souls. Saved in 'Frisco. Hundreds attended the open-air meetings, and the crowds inside were good. In the afternoon meeting a gentleman rose up and told of his conversion six years ago, while walking down the street in San Francisco, through the singing of two Army lasses. Adjutant and Mrs. Wiggins have farewelled, after twenty-two months' stay.—J. M. P.

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HAMILTON III. We have just had another visit On the Move, from Sergt. Bradley, of the Temple. Good crowds at our open-air and good collections. Last Sunday will live long in our memories. At night God's Spirit came very near, and we felt His working in our midst. One dear backsider came back seeking God's forgiveness. The comrades felt so overjoyed that they had a hallelujah wind-up. One of the old-fashioned kind. We all give Sergt. Bradley a hearty invitation to return again, and that at an early date.—W. J. H.

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GOING TO THE H. F.



Wheat—"Say, Red Face, where are you going?"

Pumpkin—"You're not the only thing. I'm going to the Harvest Festival at the Barracks. A whole lot are following—Cabbages, Onions, Beets, and others. You won't look so big when we get together. See!"

are old warriors of this corps. God bless them. On Monday night Major Rawling and his assistant, Ensign Peacock, landed here, accompanied by Adj't. McCann and Capt. Dauberville, from Lindsay. The Major came very near to us and blessed our souls. The Major got a hearty welcome from the comrades. We got a grand talk on our Indian work in this country, which opened the eyes of many to this wonderful branch of the Army's work. Lieuts. Boynton and Rutherford are stationed here, and are going in for some hard work. They have launched their \$85 H. F. ship—Patsy.

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FERNIE. Three precious souls for the week. Three Souls, end. We have been having a number of special meetings during the past few weeks, which have proved quite successful. The band have had charge of one Sunday's meetings, and the juniors had the afternoon meeting of last Sunday. The sisters are also doing one meeting a week. On Sunday night we went into the open-air twelve times strong, breaking all previous records.—S. A. Silvers.

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FEVERSHAM. We had with us for the week G. B. M. Special, and Ensign Poole. On Saturday night he gave us a lantern service entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." The service was enjoyed very much. Sunday was a day of blessing. God came very near, and although it was wet, yet we had a nice crowd. The Ensign spoke on the narrow way, and delivered it with such force that conviction was brought upon the people. God is helping us wonderfully on finance,

INVERNESS. We have just had a visit Capt. Cavender. Stopped from Capt. Cavender, the Over. G. B. M. Agent for the Eastern Province. The

Captain was with us from Friday night until Sunday night. The meetings all through were times of blessing. The lantern service was enjoyed by all, and each one went away feeling more than ever interested in this good work. Boxes have been distributed, and by the appearance of them now, there is good prospects for more of them. The people say, "Come again, Captain." Things in Inverness are on the up-grade. Our Band of Love and junior meetings are doing fine.—L. Moore, Capt.

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KINMOUNT. One backsider has returned home. One Soul. to God, and others are under deep conviction. The hot weather has kept the crowds away, but the Spirit of God is working amongst the sinners.—Lieut. Crowther, for

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LINDSAY. Since our last report we had a good visit of D. O., to say the Lord is blessing, meeting us in our open-air meetings and talk. We were pleased to have a visit from our old friends Major Rawling, accompanied by the Capt. Pocock; had a fairly good time. I got to Shakan "Come again, Major." J. L. D. A. visit, Brigadier.

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MEDICINE HAT. Capt. Dav. Under Two Flags, was with us for a few days, and "Under Two Flags," to an

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We have welcomed Sister Smith and believe she will be a help and blessing. The corps has been much strengthened by the arrival of Bachelor Wiltred's wife, who is a thorough Salvationist. Bro. and Sister Philington, with their little girl, Emily, have also come among us—Maryland.

MONTREAL L. We can report a glorious week. Four Souls. and. We had with us Colonel Lamb, from England. The Colonels talk was much enjoyed by all. We are glad to report four souls for the day. Our operations are well attended.—P. S. M.

ORANGEVILLE. Sergt. Brackett and Mr. One Wanted to be Louis conducted the weekend. Prayed for meetings and their came full of the and energy for God and souls. We feel God's presence very near to us, and our brother raised his hands asking for an interest in our prayers. Our new dear Captain Captain Porter, who has been supplies of Our Souls for the past five weeks, is expected back this coming Sunday.—V. J. and L.

PARLIAMENT ST. A good fight was waged 2 Souls. this weekend. Soldiers turned out well to open our meetings and spoke with great power and liberty. A large crowd turned out for the Sullivans marriage, and more people came to Wednesday. The Spirit of God was felt to be among us, and though there seemed to be little to consider, His blessed influence, yet in the time of the prayer-meeting two young men came out to seek forgiveness. After a hard struggle, they obtained the victory, and we went by with a general rejoicing.—S. A. C.

REGINA. There have been some Capt. Davey in Kassel. Many conversions and last report we had 160 out for salvation last Sunday evening. Our Lieutenant had his 1st soul of Ensign Hall who had been in our meetings amongst the Regia girls. Her stay with us has given a delightful one, and it reminded us of old times. She was delighted at the progress the corps has made. Capt. Davey, the G.R.M. man, has been with us on Saturday, and on Monday, 10th August, a third in plain uniform, he related his South African war adventure to a packed and interested house. I guess we made him smile at the teller—In the boxes—a total of \$20.00 all told—and I understand the local agent is smiling now. We are out for beating Winnipeg now and are in to the Army Fund dollars for the target set for next quarter.—E. B. Corps Com.

ST. JOHN I. N.B. Ensign and Mrs. Cornish, assisted by Capt. Falle, are doing good work at this corps. The attendance at the inside meetings is constantly increasing, and souls are getting saved. Sergt. M. J. Lane has had another relapse, but is fast recovering. Sergt. W. Cram, an old tried warrior is being laid aside for some time, and has now gone on a visit to his home in Newfoundland. Sergt. and Mrs. Cram have done a good work in this corps. Their godly life and influence have been an inspiration to many a comrade.—Bunting Bush.

ST. JOHN I. N.B. During the summer 5 Souls. month we have had the pleasure of meeting and greeting many old comrades from Canada and the United States, who have brought us many blessings. Among those visiting the last 4 weeks were Captains Law and Evans, who are working in the American field. For the past two months a large corps of rest, they have proved themselves diligent and able warriors, and we regret having to say good-bye to them. On Sunday they were announced to farewell, and many came to hear them for the last time. All day the power of God was felt within our meetings. In the afternoon Adj't. Hodder of Orillia, who was visiting his old friends, was present and gave an address. At night we had an old-fashioned salvation meeting. Capt. Law urged all present to prepare to meet God, and the result was five souls for salvation.—St. John.

ST. JOHN V. Captain Emery and Lieut. Captains Coombs Rogers are keeping the post-boiling here. A number of souls are being saved, and crowds are all that could be desired. On Wednesday we had a musical meeting, which was a grand success. Besides the local talent, Captain Daisy Coombs sang a solo, and Captain Nellie Coombs spoke to the people on straight salvation lines.—H. W.

ST. THOMAS. Mr. Adj't. Bross, of and Played in Hotel. Stratford, leading weekend meetings. He thought on the Bible much liked. A gloomy person the place in a measure owing to the death of Mr. Willey, who was injured and succumbed to his injuries in the coldest week. Mr. Willey was a regular at the knee-drill and took a great interest here. The family have requested us to play at the graveside. "Any port in old adage, and so when a stormy day sight we took refuge in the nest. The meeting inside, led by Ensign Crook, from the deep devotional power.



Royal Palace, Dresden. Lieut-Colonel Friedrich writes we have a prosperous Corps in Dresden. Sells 2,000 Crys Weekly.

SIMCOE. Since last report we have The Mayor Presided, had several souls coming to the Lord. A festival given by the brass band, and presided over by Mayor Goss, was a real success. Our junior and senior outing proved an enjoyable time. The band was to the front, and gave the large crowd creditable music, which was well appreciated. Rev. Mr. Brown gave a short interesting address. Boating and dancing filled up the rest of our time. Adj't. H. C. Keightley's recent visit was a blessing to all. Harvest Festival is in full swing at present also an effort to repair the inside of the barracks.—W. J. Hockom.

STRATFORD. Adj't. Bross has been away Powerful Open-Air on Furlough, and during his absence Captain Carter has taken charge. God has made him a great blessing and souls have been won for the Master. Our heartfelt thanks and prayers go with Capt. Carter on his return to Luton, and we hope to have the joy of having him with us again as long. The open-air meetings were a great success, much spiritual power resting upon the testimonies given. A. W. Collier.

SYDNEY MINES. Our new hall is now under construction and we are jubilant. One backslider returned to God this week. We have welcome Capt. McGuffey, who has come to lead on here.—Lieut. Stairs.

TEMPLE. God is still giving us the Six Souls at Mercer. victory. Monday, Aug. 26th. Commissioner Ralston gave the lecture on Japan, and at the close of the meeting we were able to report a number of souls for salvation. On Saturday night our Band of Love gave a temperance demonstration, and the recitations, songs and trials were much appreciated. On Sunday we came very near, and at the close of the day we reported over five souls for salvation, making a total of twenty for the week. The Treasurer, Mrs. Symington, reports victory in their Mercer meeting on Saturday night. Six souls gave themselves to God. God bless the League of Mercy.—R. B. I., for Adj't. and Mrs. McMilleney.

PICTON. Last Thursday we had a visit from Six Souls, our G. B. M. Agent, Capt. Hurd. He gave a stereopticon service at night entitled "The Way to Heaven." The service was a beautiful one, and was enjoyed by all. We are very glad to report that our G. B. M. work is getting along splendidly. The Picton people give very liberally to this branch of the work. The Lord bless them. On Sunday we had glorious meetings all day and God came very near. At the close of the night meeting six souls sought pardon. Our corps is getting along nicely under the leadership of Capt. Ash and Lieut. Sproat.—Corps-Cadet Annie Wood.

WESTVILLE. Since last report we have seen Fifteen Souls, fifteen souls at the cross. Juniors and seniors both had an outing. The juniors held their at Loch Broom; seniors at Little Harbour. The children gave a musical concert, which brought in \$15. This went to pay for the hall chairs. Our worthy Sergeant-Major and his wife (Mrs. McEwan) paid a visit to Charlottetown, and report a pleasant time with comrades there. At present our comrades Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Hamilton are visiting at Cape Breton. Sister Simpson left for Boston, while Capt. McCulah left for New York. Capt. Mercer, from Newfoundland.

gave us a meeting. We enjoyed it very much. For the weekend we had Capt. White and Capt. Cavender with us. Capt. Cavender gave us a very nice lantern service. On Sunday afternoon Capt. Smith conducted four beneath the flag. Monday night united meeting of New Glasgow and St. John's corps. On Sunday our dear comrade Danie Hale will farewell and enter the S. A. C. Toronto. God bless him. Capt. Smith also reported Sunday, a new boy-cadet was added to their home. Mrs. Smith real well.

WETASKIWIN. We are heartily honored by having Adj't. Wakefield Half-Night of Prayer. and Ensign Chapman with us on the first anniversary of the Salvation Army at this place. Ensign Chapman, being the pioneer officer, was given a hearty welcome. During the past year 121 have professed salvation, and 32 have been enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. A supper was served on Monday night and proved a success, also a Thanksgiving meeting was held to thank God for His goodness. The proceedings terminated with a half-night of prayer.—Henry.

WINDSOR. We have just had a visit Capt. Maisy Seen from our Provincial Officers, and Heard. Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave. The weekend meetings were good. Spiritual crowds came to hear the Gospel and both outside and in much interest was displayed. Mrs. Hargrave's singing was very popular. We regret that this was the Brigadier's farewell to us, but with him God's blessings go to cover our Province, and beseech for our Adj't. Provincial Officer a very hearty welcome to this city. The results of the weekend were good. One soul sought Jesus and the finances were above the average. The Captains' Hargrave were glad to be seen and heard on that day.—S. C. C.

WINNIPEG I. On Saturday night our back Five Volunteers slider came back to God and we believe was fully converted. Sunday morning five precious souls reluctantly came forward to consecrate their lives to God. In the afternoon one soul sought and found forgiveness at the feet of the Saviour. At the night service Lieut. McLeanman who has been with us for over a year, farewelled for Port Arthur. On. We pray God may bless her and make her a blessing there.—M. Amos Irvine.

Lisgar Street Excursion and Picnic.

Capt. McFetrick is a hustler, and no mistake. Some time ago he conducted a most successful Moonlight Excursion when a good profit was made, to be devoted to the Band Fund.

On Saturday last he arranged a picnic to Niagara Falls for the same purpose, and it was one of the best conducted affairs the writer has ever seen. There was not a single hitch in the arrangements, and the band and everybody conducted themselves as Salvationists should. The day was beautiful. The proprietor of the hotel at Queen Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, invited the band to play, and they gave them a donation towards the work.

May God bless Lisgar St. corps and officers, and prosper the band.—J. S. P.

Tea was first introduced from China into Europe in 1610. The price in England at that time ranged from £5 to £10 a pound.

Lieut.-Col. Sharp's Farewell Campaign

The Glace Bay Meetings.

We are indebted to Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich for considerable information, both in private communications and otherwise, concerning the tremendous strides the Army is making in late years in the great kingdom of the Kaiser. Perhaps much of the change in the attitude of the people towards the Army may be accounted for by the friendly attitude of their august ruler towards our work. However, we appreciate the Colonel's remembrance and give the following information he has favored us with:—

The police are very considerate of the Salvation Army, and give us every freedom within the possibilities of the law. I think the authorities have not been slow to see that the Army is a beneficent factor in social reform.

The press is now largely coming over to our side. The best spirits welcome us, and wise public men have recognized the fact that the Salvation Army is in Germany to stay, having already taken deep root in the life of certain classes. The poor people bear us gladly.

It is difficult to get suitable halls with proper seating capacity in Germany. On the whole our halls are not very large, although we have some which are of satisfactory dimensions. On the other hand we have generally sufficient for our crowds. So far as I can judge we have as good an average

pinched and sorrowful looking; (4) a strapping big fellow, the driver of a beer wagon, out of whose pocket showed a newspaper parcel which contained his uneaten lunch; (5) a student with golden spectacles, cane, gloves, and stylish overcoat over his arm; lastly, a poor fatish girl, who sobbed loudly as she threw herself down at the penitent form.

Speaking of the recent Congress, I must say that it was a great affair. According to the testimony of numerous old officers, it was the best of any held in Germany. It far exceeded my anticipations. The crowds at the public meetings packed the large halls in spite of the tropical heat. The General came over to Berlin to conduct the Officers' Councils, which were rich seasons of Spirit-baptism.

The march through Berlin was doubtless an eye-opener, also the huge open-air demonstration which followed.

By the way, our open-air opportunities are much more numerous than is generally supposed in other countries. Many of the score of corps in Berlin go on Sunday afternoon to some of the attractive suburban spots of which the capital has many. There in the woods, on the shores of one of the little lakes, in some open spot or in some public place, open-air meetings are conducted with much relish. At the close the corps marches with banner and band—if it has one or a part of one—to the

The limited time at their disposal prevented Colonel and Mrs. Sharp from making an extended trip, consequently three centres were chosen for their farewell meetings, namely, Glace Bay, Halifax, and St. John. The writer was delegated to pilot the campaign through.

Over five years has elapsed since the Colonel, in his capacity as P. O. of the Eastern Province, made his first visit to Glace Bay, then only comparatively a village. Well do we remember its ungraded streets, and the absence of anything like sidewalks. Presto, change! What a transformation. What do we see? Splendid streets, electric car service, the modern houses, with every regard to sanitation and sewerage matters. Glace Bay is nothing if it is not progressive, and continual evidences of its constant advance are manifested on every hand.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have made lasting inroads into the affections and esteem of the citizens of this hub of industry. On all sides expressions of regret at their departure were forthcoming—from His Worship the Mayor to the humblest citizen.

The crowds were record-breakers, notwithstanding that Old Sol was more than in evidence—the heat being terrific.

What shall we say of the meetings? We can but epitomise the same. The Colonel's Sunday addresses rank among the most powerful of his career, and many were the favorable comments heard, and quite a few speakers referred to the great blessing and inspiration they had proved. Mrs. Sharp spoke with her earnest and sympathetic manner, carrying her audience at every point.

The band—over thirty pieces—was to the front all day and worked like Trojans. Their magnificent playing is the topic of the hour.

The Monday afternoon was devoted to the officers—those who had gathered from the surrounding corps. The tea and council was a very home-like gathering. The after-tea speeches were heart-talks. And while the thought that it was in all probability the last gathering many would be permitted to attend, as all farewell functions are tinged more or less with the spirit of sadness, yet there was a predominating sense of thankfulness for all the blessing and inspiration that our departing leaders had proved to be to those present. It can well be imagined by those who know Colonel and Mrs. Sharp that their parting counsel to their officers was of that character that shall linger long in their memories.

The meeting at night was a thorough representative one. The different speakers—soldiers, locals, and officers—each eulogized the past administration of the departing P. O.'s. They had come to go to Glace Bay, and every time they had come it was to have a better welcome. The huge crowd at that last meeting said with no uncertain sound that its desire and prayer was that in the order of God's providence it may be possible to welcome back our beloved leaders to the Eastern Province.

The open-air demonstrations were starters—especially the Monday night. What a surging crowd pressed around the ring. The rendering of that realistic solo by Bandsman Auld was one of the most impressive things the writer has ever heard. It gripped the crowd and will have its results in the days to come.

The financial results of the campaign were very gratifying—something like \$75 being the aggregate. The spiritual results cannot be reckoned by the five who came to the mercy seat during the Sunday meetings. The eternal results must be left until the last reveille has been sounded; till then we have pledged to be faithful, and meet our leaders at the muster roll on the great review day. Thus ends the first part of the farewell campaign. Halifax next.—G. L. P.

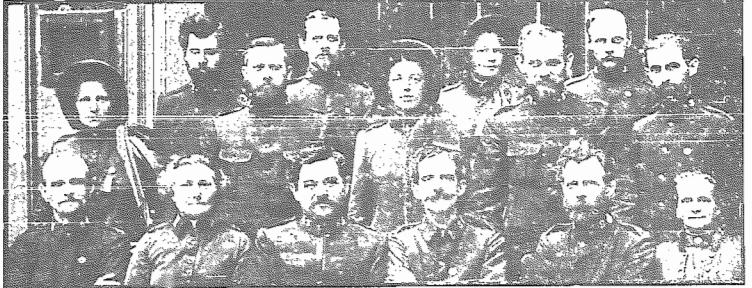
An Alaskan Trip.

Our P. O., Brigadier Smeaton, gave our District a visit. The writer joined him on the S.S. Cottage City in the early hours of July 31st, bound for Douglas. We arrived there in time for meeting. Capt. Gardiner, with Sgt.-Major Betts and soldiers, met us at the wharf. They went in for a good meeting, while Bob went up to the church on other business.

Next morning the P. O. and his chums went to Killanino and had an interesting time. They were perfectly delighted with the place. While we were at Killanino Capt. Gardiner and the D. O. were busily marrying people, also pointing sinners to Jesus. Capt. and Mrs. Quick are coming to Douglas. The Brigadier gave Sgt.-Major Betts her commission. She has a \$1.00 a day.

We left for Wrangell, Aug. 5th, arriving an hour ahead of meeting time. On coming to the wharf we saw the happy face of our faithful Sgt.-Major Tom Tamaree and the soldiers. We held a meeting in the Red Man's Hall, kindly loaned for the occasion. The Brigadier gave a very straight talk on man's duty to make the very best of his life for God, and but for the very wet night many more would have been out. As it was we had a good number out. We also had a soldiers' meeting on Monday night. The Brigadier loves to see and talk to his soldiers, and they enjoyed his words of advice.

We regretted much we could not get to Shatkan and Klawock. We enjoyed your visit, Brigadier. Come again.—Adj't. Robt. Smith, D. O.



German Divisional Officers and Lieut.-Colons and Lieut.-Colons Friedrich and Gauntlett.

attendance as in any country. Of course, I have been in the country only two months, and am still new to many phases of our work. I am aware I am giving you the impressions of a new-comer, which may require modification one way or another later on.

On Sunday our audiences are considered good. The people listen well. I have found everywhere I have been during my short experience that the crowds give the most exemplary attention. They also analyze one's talk. On one occasion I went to a bright, young artisan who had listened with remarkable attention to everything and also had given signs of conviction.

Was he saved?

"No, not that," said he, "but I have taken it all in. This is the first time I have been to the Salvation Army, but it will not be the last time. I can't do anything now. I must first go home and think it all thoroughly over!"

This is probably typical of our listeners.

But they come to the penitent form when they are convicted, although it takes a deal of conviction at times. The prayer meeting is often the noisiest part of the meeting, but the German sinner does not sit there dumb and allow you to pour eloquence over him without limit until he yields or flees. No; he will answer you, will argue with you, demand reasons, want to know more, etc. You hear a babel of tongues, fishers and sinners in discussion, hands flying, and the whole at times seems to be dissolved in a hand-to-hand fight, but through it all souls come to the penitent form, pray sincerely, are dealt with by an officer or sergeant, and when they are through they get up and make room for more.

In a recent meeting, conducted by Commissioner Oliphant during the recent Congress, I noted the following cases among the twenty penitents who came forward: (1) a young lady in elegant dress; (2) an elderly gentleman, of evident good standing, who cried very bitterly; (3) a poor elderly woman,

railway station or street car terminus, arriving back in the city in time for the evening meeting, which does not begin until 8.15.

This plan is followed by nearly all corps throughout the Empire. On the occasion of a little excursion on Ascension Day (May 24th), when I was privileged to be present, we went to a neighboring little town, where we marched unobstructed to our open-air, held in large gardens of restaurants. At night we had a large dancing hall seated with chairs, and closed a crowded gathering with twenty souls in the fountain.

In the public meetings the people sing well, and will pick up a chorus quickly. The meetings are as free-and-easy and the soldiers as enthusiastic as I have seen anywhere. The officers have to work on somewhat different lines in some respects; their War Cry selling, for instance, is mostly done between 10 at night and 1 in the morning, in the cafes and concert gardens. This work is very interesting, and many incidents could be given, but space and editorial scissors forbid.

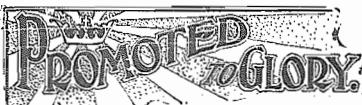
The Social Work—whatever may be thought of our Spiritual Work—finds universal recognition and praise. Every one of the seventeen Social Institutions in the land can show good work done, and some homes are over-taxed.

The authorities in several places have so convinced themselves of the splendid achievements of our homes that they co-operate with us, and in two cases have begun to subsidize our efforts in a modest way. We are thankful for the beginning.

Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant have achieved much during their stay, and they are untiring in their efforts to push the war.

The Bible is the time-table, but it is by no means the ticket to Heaven.

Make the most of your everyday chances to serve your father and mother.



TWO BOWMANVILLE WARRIORS GONE HOME.

Thomas Hoar.

Scarcely has time healed the pain in our hearts by the death of dear Mother Gilbert, than another loss has come to us in the sad and sudden death of our dear brother, Mr. Thomas Hoar.

Mr. Hoar was a native of Cornwall, England, and came with his parents to Canada in the year 1832, settling in Bowmanville, where he has spent all his life time. He was converted in his youth, and joined the Primitive Methodist Church, and was a pillar of strength to that society, being Superintendent of the Sabbath School, choir-leader, and a general helper. At the time of church union, some years ago, Mr. Hoar did not fall in line with the movement, and as the Army was in town, he fell in love with them, and has been a faithful follower of the Salvation Army ever since. He was always at his post, ever ready to sing, speak, or pray, or anything else for his Master's sake. He was always cheerful and happy, and was a general favorite with old and young. A blacksmith by trade, he made a comfortable living, and was able to retire from business about sixteen years ago. Since that time he has spent much time in traveling and sight-seeing. Hundreds of readers of the local paper will remember with interest the many letters written by the "Wandering Boy." He has made different trips to England, Ireland, Scotland, and France. He was familiar with all the great Northwest and Western States; knew all about California, and was perfectly at home in San Francisco, and on hearing of the earthquake, he determined to go and see the ruins. About a week after he started for the scene of the disaster, the startling news came home that Mr. Hoar was killed—struck by an electric car. The whole town was wrapt in gloom and sadness. How we thought of his last meeting, his last song, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," his last testimony, and earnest appeal to the unconverted.

One week from the day of his death the body arrived home. The funeral was largely attended, the service being conducted by Rev. Mr. Goodwin, an old personal friend, the town ministers, and Capt. G. Lamb also being present.

An interesting memorial service was held in the S. A. hall on Sunday evening, conducted by Adj't. Smith, assisted by Capt. Annefeld, Lieut. Marshall, and Capt. Wm. Marshall. Major Cass, of Kansas City, who is here on furlough, was also present and spoke a few words.

William Warden.

William Warden, one of our Methodist friends, departed this life on Aug. 3^r. He was a native of the Isle of Wight, was a genuine Christian, a lover of the Army, and a constant and welcome attendant at all our meetings. Our officers visited him in his sickness and found him happy and trusting in the Lord, whom he served faithfully through all the changing scenes of life. We will miss him in our meetings, but we look forward to the time when our songs will mingle together again in the land where we shall sing the new song. The funeral was conducted by Rev. W. Jolliffe, T. W. Jolliffe, and Capt. Annefeld.—M. B. M.

MR. WILEY, OF ST. THOMAS.

We have just heard that Brother Wiley has passed into eternity. He met with an accident in the train smash here some time ago, and was so badly injured that he only survived two days. Mr. Wiley was a constant attendant at knee-drill and was often present at our other meetings. We know that he has gone to be with Jesus, as he left a blessed testimony behind. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved friends of the deceased.

J. S. S.M. GRAY, OF COLLINGWOOD.

We have lost a loyal, faithful soldier of twenty-one years' standing, J. S. S.M. Gray. His last testimony in the open-air was, "I am ready." Our hearts go in sympathy and prayer for the bereaved ones.—Glacie.

BROTHER JAMES BOUTCHER, OF MUSSEL HARBOR ARM.

Again we are reminded that in the midst of life we are in death. This time the call came to Brother James Bouthier, and, thank God, he was ready for it. About two years ago Brother Bouthier gave his heart to God in his own home, and on the following Sunday morning attended the knee-drill, where he gave a clear testimony and related what God had done for him. Of late Brother Bouthier had been a great sufferer, but in all his sickness he showed the greatest patience and faith in God. His dear wife, who was by his side day and night, learned many valuable lessons by his whole-heartedness and devotion to God's service. Time after time, when he was very weak, he urged her to attend the meeting and go her regular rounds with the War Cry. Brother Bouthier wasn't a soldier, but before he died requested his wife to have him taken to Arnold's Cove, and have him buried by the officer of

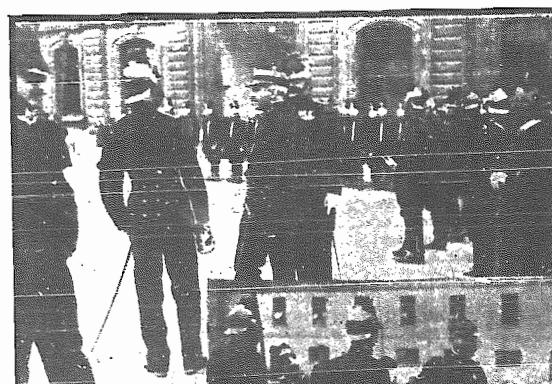
the corps. Then he asked his wife and step-daughter to meet him in heaven. They promised they would. He then lifted his eyes to heaven and in a moment his spirit went to God. The service at the barracks was very impressive. After a short prayer Sergt.-Major Malcolm Peach was called upon to speak. He spoke of our brother's faithful life, and urged all the comrades to be faithful. Then his dear wife, who is a soldier, spoke of her husband's life and triumphant death. As she spoke people were sobbing all over the building. Then the Captain read from God's Word and spoke to the hearts of the people. We then marched off to the cemetery, where, after a short service, we pledged ourselves to be true. Brother Bouthier is dead, but his life still lives. He leaves behind a wife, one son, his mother, and two brothers, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy.—A. Mercer.

Ottawa District Notes.

Farewell of Brigadier Turner.

The Ottawa District Headquarters was the scene of unusual activity on Thursday, Aug. 23^r, it being the farewell of Brigadier Turner to this particular portion of his Province. During the afternoon an officers' council was held. The Brigadier presided and gave some good, sound, fatherly advice concerning the war.

The united city corps, with officers, shortly before six o'clock, took their places for a farewell tea. After all had partaken of this great family feast, Adj't. Crichton, as District Officer, called upon the Brigadier for a speech. His rising to respond was the signal for a rousing reception. He urged all to stand true to God and fight a good fight, upholding the yellow, red, and blue. This was followed by a rousing open-air, in which visiting officers and soldiers participated, returning to the citadel at 8 p.m., where the final meeting took place. The brass band played special selections. Bandmaster Harris and Capt. Thompson, of Smith's Falls, soloed, and a few testimonies were given by different officers and comrades. Sergt.-Major Webber, being Ottawa's senior Sergeant-Major, presented the Brigadier with an address on behalf of the two corps. Adj't. Crichton then presented an address on behalf of the District. Ensign Clark and Capt. Bearchell spoke on behalf of the men, and Staff-Capt. Ellery on behalf of the women officers concerning the great blessing and help the Brigadier had been to them. The Brigadier expressed himself as being unable to reply to the addresses and the many nice things said concerning him, but he reviewed the work during the last five and a half years of his charge, and was able to show a great advance. He also spoke of the devotion and earnestness of the soldiers of his domain, and then wished all good-bye on behalf of himself and family.



In the Military School, Paris, in a yard adjoining the scene of his degradation eleven years ago, Major Dreyfus was, on July 21st, reinstated as a soldier of the Republic, and was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The presentation was made by General Gillain, who embraced the Major and kissed him on both cheeks. At the same time Major Targe was also decorated. At a window in the courtyard was General Piecourt, who was greatly instrumental in proving Major Dreyfus' innocence. The

fearfully romantic experience of this man, because a Jew, could scarcely be believed, except that it is so well established. Banished to Devil's Isle, off the coast of French Guiana, for four years, where he was treated worse than a felon, passing through hundred deaths, but determined to live for the sake of his wife and children, to whom he was greatly attached, he was at length given a new trial, and the final issue is shown in the illustration. Nearly all his false accusers have died, either suddenly or by suicide, and the others are disgraced.

Eastern Events.

The Farewell meetings of Colonel and Mrs. Sharp from Halifax.

The strong hold which Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have on the affections of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the Salvation Army in Halifax was strikingly exemplified in the farewell meetings which they held here yesterday, before taking their final departure for their new field of labor in Waterloo, Ontario.

Previous to the public meeting a united officers' and soldiers' tea was held in the junior hall of No. 1 barracks, at which the Colonel and Mr. Sharp spoke briefly, thanking the soldiers for the many manifestations of love they had received during their stay in the Eastern Province.

Following the tea came the evening meeting. Among the large number present I noticed Major Phillips, who presided; Adj't. Cummings, who, after two years spent in the Klondyke, is visiting his home in Halifax; Ensign J. Green, of Amherst; Capt. White, of Truro; Capt. Lee, of Tyne, and an assorted company of sinners saved by grace divine. The veteran warriors of the early days, converts of last Sunday's meetings, and representatives of every branch of the Army's work in this fax were to be seen on the platform.

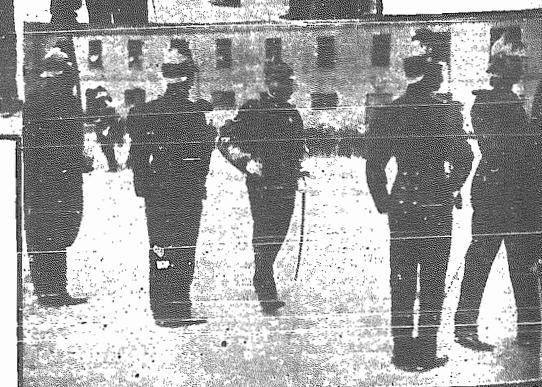
The meeting opened with that good old song of victory, "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," and after the usual preliminaries, Major Phillips gave a short account of the wonderful advance which he work in the Eastern Province had made during the five years of Colonel Sharp's administration. He then called on the following parties to speak on behalf of the various interests they represented: Friends of the Army—Ex-Capt. Frank A. George; Dartmouth corps—Treas. Ritchie; Halifax II. corps—Sergt.-Major M. Mills; Women Soldiers—Supt. Mrs. Nicholson; Men Officers—Capt. H. Hargrave; Women Officers—Mrs. Capt. Ogilvie; Social Work—Ensign P. Parsons; Rescue Work—Capt. P. R. Wilkes. After the various speakers had told of the high esteem in which the Colonel and his good wife were held by all in the meeting, Adj't. Jeonah presented them with a formal farewell address, to which both replied, telling of the many blessings and acts of kindness they had received in Halifax, and expressing the hope that they might be permitted in the future to return again. With the Colonel's address the meeting was brought to a close.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp leave us with our respect, our affections, and our prayers for their future success. By their godly lives and example they have taken a large place in our hearts, and while we extend to their successors a most cordial welcome, they will continue to live in our affections; May God's richest blessing attend them.—Ranger.

The Reinstatement and Decoration of Captain (now Major) Dreyfus.

1.—Major Dreyfus and Major Targe both decorated with the Legion of Honor.

2.—After the Decoration
—Major Dreyfus honorably escorted to his place.



THE SALVATION ARMY

HARVEST FESTIVAL



SEPT. 22 to 25

ALL GIFTS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.
PROCEEDS GIVEN TO SICK OFFICERS POOR CORPS FUNDS. Etc.

BRING YOUR GIFT.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and PROVE ME NOW herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." — Mal. iii. 10.

Tune.—God Gave His Son (N.B.B. 292).

1 Saviour, I long to be
Nearer to Thee!
In word, and deed, and thought,
Holy to be!
Oh take this heart of mine,
And seal me ever Thine,
Fill me with love divine,
For service, Lord.

Make me a blazing fire,
Where'er I go,
That to a dying world
Thee I may show;
How Thou hast bled and died
That none may be denied,
But in Thy bleeding side
A refuge find.

So shall my moments flow
In praising Thee!
For Thou hast never failed
To strengthen me!
Filled with the Holy Ghost,
Saved to the uttermost,
In Christ alone I'll boast,
And forward go!

Tunes.—My Soul is Now United (N.B.B. 101); Ellacombe (N.B.B. 30).

2 My soul is now united
To Christ, the living Vine;
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I feel Him mine.

I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger,
And pardoned all my sin.

By floods and flames surrounded,
I still my way pursued;
Nor shall I be confounded,
With glory in my view.

Still Christ is my salvation—
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation.
My Father's wrath is o'er.

Tune.—The Day of Victory (N.B.B. 97).

3 March on, Salvation Soldiers,
March forward to the fight,
With Jesus as our leader,
We'll put the foes to flight;
In spite of men and devils we'll raise our banner
high,
For the day of victory's coming by-and-bye.

Chorus.

The day of victory's coming it's coming by-and-bye.

He'll's forces may be mighty—
A strong opposing band;
Yet never be discouraged,
For your Captain boldly stand;
With blood-and-fire we'll conquer, our every foe defy,
For the day of victory's coming by-and-bye.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades Dear (N.B.B. 136); He Lives (N.B.B. 138).

4 Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' way go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth,
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

Tunes.—Death is Coming (N.B.B. 131); Pass Me Not (B.J. 14).

5 Pass me not, oh, loving Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

AN OLD, BUT BEAUTIFUL, SOLO.

Tune—"Juanita."



But Jesus, dear Jesus,
You were ever at my side,
Entreating and pleading—
"For thee I died!"

I heard Thy wooring,
Yet spied on my mad career,
Satan deceiving
Said, "Hope is near."
Praised by all warning,
Yet my soul would heave a sigh,
Thy clear voice still pleading—
"Why wilt thou die?"

Roused from my dreaming,
My soul's eyes were opened wide,
Hell frowned before me,
Remorse my guide;
My sad heart relenting,
While my sins rose mountains high,
Satan still hissing—
"Your time's gone by!"

Then joy like sunbeams
Breaking through the clouded sky,
Sweet light in darkness,
Bright hope drew nigh;
Sweet the voice now pleading,
Coming from the rugged tree,
With blood still streaming,
Cried, "I died for thee!"

Chorus.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Tune.—Men of Harlech (N.B.B. 251).

6 Soldier, rouse thee! War is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging,
Every ransomed power engagin,
Break the tempter's spell.
Dare we still be fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into hell?

Chorus.

Through the world resounding.

Lord, we come, and from Thee never
Self nor earth our hearts can sever;
Thine entirely, Thine for ever,
We will fight and die.
To a world of rebels dying,
Heaven and hell and God defying,
Everywhere we'll still be crying,
"Will ye perish—why?"



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COLONEL KYLE (Chief Secretary) .. PETROLIA
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BRIGADIER SOUTHLAND STRATFORD
STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MILLER BARRIE

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